Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—I

BY JOHN ERSKINE

DECENCY IN LITERATURE

THE quarrel with indecent art is an old one, and the present discussion of improper books, with threats of censorship, begins to rally itself in two familiar camps—on one side the moralists, showing in the heat of debate less understanding of art than they probably have, and on the other side the writers, showing in the same heat somewhat less concern for morals than it is to be hoped they feel. The censorious seem disposed to suppress on the ground of indecency almost any kind of book they happen not to like; the writers seem at times to argue that all books are equally good, or at least, should be free and equal. These are the old exaggerations of the quarrel. Yet in two important respects the present discussion is quite novel and more than usually interesting; for one thing, the attack now is less on obscenity, about which there are no two opinions, than on indecency, of which we have at the moment no adequate definition; for another thing, the writers themselves, perhaps for the first time in history, have no definition of literary decency to offer, and seem not greatly interested in forming one.

Censorships are usually exercised for the protection of religious or political doctrine, and whatever may be said against the method, at least in the field of religion or politics the censor knows clearly what he wishes to protect. But if we now

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would protect decency, we must first define the term. It is not enough to have a moral conviction on the subject; we must have also some principle outside of our emotional prejudices, based on something more lasting than fashion. In the present welter of contradictions and opprobrium it is sometimes thought indecent to wear bobbed hair or short skirts; for the morals of the school, teachers have been dismissed who rolled their stockings below the knee. Obviously, these are not great faults in decency, if faults at all; a good deal of camel must have been swallowed before justice could be done to these gnats. Some of our neighbors wish to suppress certain plays; others wish to suppress the theatre. Some wish to suppress Swinburne and Baudelaire, with one hand as it were, while distributing with the other copies of the Bible containing the *Song of Songs*. A minister of this type, earnest in his work for decency and quite muddled as to what it is, told me that he could not give his approval to the *Spoon River Anthology*, brilliant though it was; he could approve of no book that portrayed fornication. Yet he must have read the story of Lot's daughters and their behavior with their father. He approved of the Bible, and he would probably not call it indecent. What is decency, then, or its opposite?

At this point the writers ought to stand up and answer. In other ages they would have done so; they would have thought no one so competent as the artist to define decency in his own field, and they would have stated their definition from the point of view of art. They would have called it "decorum" instead of "decency", but they would have meant the same thing—fitness or propriety in the particular art they practised. When Milton made his famous plea on ethical grounds for freedom of the press, he went on, as an artist, to say that of course there are good and bad books, and when a book has had its chance, it must submit to the judgment of the competent. He was writing in an age when the reader might be expected to have some training in artistic definitions of decorum. If books are to enjoy freedom of publication now, it seems incumbent upon the writers to define the decency of their art, and to spread the knowledge of the definition as widely as possible, that the competent reader of today may have a standard by which to judge.

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II

It ought to be possible now, as it once was, to define decency in terms outside our emotions, not variable with our private taste but fixed in the conditions of the artist's work. When man is inspired by the world he sees to make some lasting record of his feeling about it, and selects a medium to express himself in,—wood, stone, metal, color, language,—he immediately encounters certain problems and difficulties in his medium, certain limitations in it which he must submit to, if he would convey his meaning with precision. The limitations of his medium, therefore, dictate to the artist his first lessons in decorum. For if you will not respect those limitations, you will find yourself saying what you did not intend; instead of beauty, you will convey some effect humorous or grotesque or ugly. It is at least bearable to see actual garments on the wax figures in shop-windows; we dress up dolls. But not even the shop window could tolerate a marble statue with clothes on. When the artist learns that some things, though excellent in themselves, do not come out in his medium with the effect he desires, his good sense and the sincerity of his art compel him to leave these subjects for other mediums. The themes he thus abandons are not indecent in the sense of obscenity or filth, not bad in themselves, but they do not fit his art—or, as writers used to say, do not belong to its decorum.

The decorum of art may seem to the moralist far less important than the decency his own strong emotions feel after, but the moralist is wrong. The decorum of art is the deeper kind of decency, for it is based on lasting principles, and it leads to an understanding of the positive good in art, to beauty, as the moralist's concern for decency often does not. You cannot explain on moral grounds why the glorification of the body in Walt Whitman, let us say, is sometimes disconcerting, yet the glorification of it in Greek sculpture seems not only decent but noble. The artist could explain the matter if he understood the decorum of artistic mediums. In so far as he does not understand it, he adds to the confusion of the arts in our time; he fills our magazines, for example, with photographs of Greek dances, and is himself, let us hope, disturbed by the grotesque contortions he has perpetuated.

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The dance was probably a graceful flow of motion; of all that flow, however, only a few moments would be in the decorum of the camera—moments of poise, in which motion might be suggested but not represented. But the photographer was charmed by the moments of motion, which are the essence of dance decorum, and he gives us a picture of grim-faced ladies suspended in the air, with frantic gestures of fingers and toes.

In literature, since the medium is language, decorum is a question of the limitations and capacities of words. The great limitation of language is that it must be heard or read one word at a time, though most of the things we wish to speak of in this world should be thought of or seen all at once, and their true outline and their total effect may be dislocated by piecemeal expression. To represent in language a landscape or a person, a building or any intellectual architecture, is, strictly speaking, impossible; we can merely make statements, carefully selected, about the subject, and trust that no matter how dismembered in the telling, it will somehow come together again in the hearer's mind, thanks largely to the hearer's imagination. Where the suggestion is so slight and the collaboration so great, the writer is under some obligation to be precise and conscientious in what he suggests. His responsibility might perhaps seem less when he is telling a story; if language is inapt for the portrayal of stationary things, having mass, structure and extent, we might suppose it better fitted to the representation of action, which like language occurs in sequence of time. But even in the recital of events, language has to name separately in an artificial order events which actually coincide, and the reader's imagination must put the fragments together again. "*Indeed,*" *replied Mr. Jones,* or, *Mr. Jones replied,* "*Indeed!*" Neither formula quite represents what happened. In life, when we heard the "Indeed!" the sound would tell us not only what was said but also who said it. No wonder the poets have so often thought of the drama as the most satisfying literary form, for when a play is acted, words convey in it all that they can convey in life, and they are aided, as in life, by other kinds of language—by gesture, facial expression, scenery, which speak to the eye while the voice is speaking to the ear.

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Because words must be spoken one after another, there are not only some things which are hard to say in that medium, but others which in certain circumstances should not be said at all. No matter how much we select the sounds, our utterance will lay a fairly even emphasis on all the things we name; therefore, if we wish to subordinate some part of the picture, to pass over it with no emphasis at all, we cannot throw it into shadow, as a painter can—we must leave it out altogether. A painter may portray a face half in shadow, so that one ear is barely discernible; looking at the picture you do not see the shadowed ear, and do not miss it. But if some one tells you in words that the ear is in shadow, at once the ear enjoys special emphasis, the opposite of the painter's intention. Or suppose the portrait is not shadowed, but all the features are clear; and suppose the artist has focused your attention on the eyes, or has brought out some characteristic expression. You can attend to the picture exactly as you look at the subject in life—noticing what is important in it, but not examining it otherwise in detail. The head has two ears, but you do not count them. If, however, the writer describes the face as it is in life, or as it is in the portrait, he may speak only of the chief focus or expression of it; he must not say that the subject has two ears. If he does so, he will be indecent in his art, and may seem to the original of the portrait insulting in his manners.

All literary accounts of the human body raise this problem, not a problem of squeamishness or puritanism, but of decorum. The classical Greeks seem to have mastered the question, either by instinctive good taste or by analysis, as they mastered so many other problems in art with which we are only beginning to wrestle. They cannot be accused of prudishness where the body is concerned; they loved its naked beauty, and in their sculpture they portrayed it frankly, with a serious and unflagging delight. Yet in their poetry they did not portray it; they merely noted the total effect of physical beauty, and omitted details, as we should omit the number of ears in the portrait. In the classical Homer, to be sure, there remained even after much expurgating certain stereotyped labels of the body; goddesses are "ox-eyed", beautiful women are "deep-bosomed",

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But the phrases are so conventional that they probably called up a general sense of approval, rather than a specific detail, as the word "mortals" calls up to us the general idea of men, rather than the fact of death. Aside from such phrases Homer and the other classical poets suggest the body without detail, trying to render the general effect the body makes in life—its femininity, its masculinity—at the same time avoiding any such attention to anatomical detail as in real life would seem, to the Greek and to us, morbid or clinical. The sculptor, working in another medium, can use the details the poet must omit; when we look at his Apollo or his Aphrodite we see not a naked body but a divine presence. The effect of divinity is not furnished by any anatomical member, nor interfered with by any. The body in detail is before us, but the expression, the something divine we feel, is in the attitude or the character. The wise poet, knowing the limitations and dangers of his medium, tries to reproduce only the attitude or the character. Later sculptors, in the decadence that followed the Periclean age, deserted the decorum of their own medium, and called attention to separate parts of the body—to ribs or veins, neck or breasts. In literature a parallel decadence occurred; the poets tried to give the effect of beauty, not in Homer's way, by avoiding physical detail, but by citing it. They managed to suggest not beauty but sex.

The modern lover of beauty who quite properly wishes to restore the body to its rightful honor and reverence, usually appeals to the Greeks for his precedent. But if he wishes to celebrate the body in detail, he should appeal not to the Greeks but to the poets of the Renaissance. The praise of the body in the Renaissance is sometimes explained as springing from a newly recovered delight in material beauty. It should also be explained as a reaction, on the part of earnest, even puritanical moralists, against other moralists who, they thought, viewed life but partially and cramped the human soul. In our own language, Edmund Spenser and John Milton led in this praise of beauty—moralists both; as in modern times Walt Whitman led the praise, a moralist also, whether or not his detractors admit it. But a moral purpose is a dangerous approach to art, whether you are a critic or a poet. Whitman is perhaps the easiest illustration

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to begin with. He felt that to the pure every part of the body is sacred, and at its best is a thing of beauty. Had he been a sculptor, he would have proceeded to make statues which probably would have shocked nobody. Working in language, however, he mistook the decorum of the art, and wrote as though he were sculptor or painter, and the result is in those anatomical catalogues from which no beauty emerges, whatever else does. He differs as widely as possible from Edmund Spenser in most things, but in this one matter they are alike. Milton was too close to the Greeks to go wrong, even with his moral impulse to assert the honor of the body; his impassioned praise of wedded love, and his remarks on the glory of nakedness when Adam and Eve first appear in his epic, put no strain on literary decorum. But Spenser's moral enthusiasm for beauty leads to such physical inventories as his picture of Belphœbe, in the second book of the *Faerie Queene*, or of his own bride, in the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium*—an accounting of eyes, teeth, hair, neck, shoulders, breasts, waist, arms and legs. No English poet is more spiritual than he—all the more impressive the indecorum to which his moral earnestness brought him, and all the more helpful his example ought to be to modern beauty-lovers who fancy that the decorum of an art need not be studied and obeyed.

Through ignorance of decorum in language a moralist sometimes comes to grief in the opposite direction; wishing to indicate indecency, he sometimes through reticence stumbles upon the Homeric method and portrays beauty instead. A while ago a minister of some name, an aggressive defender of decency, preached a sermon on the dangers which at the moment he saw threatening us from the arts. According to the newspapers, he said that if certain theatrical managers could get it by the police, we should have a show in which a naked woman in one scene posed before a black velvet curtain. Wishing to touch the sulphurous subject as gingerly as possible, he merely suggested the lovely contrast of body and background; those of his congregation who had seen it forgot their moral danger and remembered the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. It occurred to some of them that this material might be indeco-

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rous in the pulpit; in the theatre, however—well, they were not unwilling to see it, if it was actually put on.

III

The principle of literary decorum which applies to the representation of the body applies also to the allied theme of sex. The body is a fit subject for literature, but not in detail. Sex is a proper subject for literature, so long as it is represented as a general force in life, and particular instances of it are decent so long as they illustrate that general force and turn our minds to it; but sexual actions are indecent when they cease to illustrate the general fact of sex, and are studied for their own sake; like the ears in the portrait, they then assume an emphasis they do not deserve. This seems to be the decorum of the theme as great writers have treated it, and this is the decorum which men instinctively adopt in discussion, if they have not been trained to think that all discussion of sex is naughty. People so trained will call any book indecent which in any way touches the theme. When *Trilby* appeared years ago, many of us then youngsters were protected (in vain) from the lovely story because Trilby had been somebody's mistress before the romance began. So to an earlier generation *The Scarlet Letter* had seemed dangerous because Hester Prynne's child was illegitimate. But neither book had physical passion for its theme, though the force of sex in life, for good or evil, gave each story most of its interest and its pathos. How indecent in the artistic sense, how indecorous, either book might have been, we realize by supposing that Du Maurier had centred attention on Trilby's early and sordid affairs, before she met her true love, or that Hawthorne had given us in detail the experiences of Hester in Arthur Dimmesdale's arms. One has an uneasy feeling that so the books might have been written to-day; the general fact of sex and its influence would not operate as a colossal force in the story, but would be deduced in an argument or assumed as an hypothesis—modern specialists in sex are so incertain of its existence—and the focus would have been on the animal behavior of human beings, which the hypothesis of sex would explain. This kind of book is indecent, though it is usually too psychological in manner to

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disturb the censorious, and entirely too frequent in recent literature to suppress.

We turn for relief to the decorum of great literature. "From the roof David saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." The painter might give the details of that beauty; the writer could not. But he could continue: "And David sent and inquired after the woman. And one said, Is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite? And David sent messengers and took her, and she came in unto him, and he lay with her; and she returned unto her house. And the woman conceived, and sent and told David, and said, I am with child. And David sent to Joab, saying, Send me Uriah the Hittite." So begins one of the greatest of stories from both points of view, artistic and moral. Is it too frank for our taste? Would the minister who described so well the naked woman and the black velvet, set this story also before his congregation? He ought to, for it is a masterpiece of decency. David's passion, Bathsheba's acceptance of it and her consequent terror, were important only as beginning the spiritual tragedy; the old writer names the facts and passes on to his great subject. To have begun less frankly would have been to misrepresent life and spoil the moral; to have elaborated the scene of David's love-making would have been indecent. In the same decorum the classical Greeks told their stories; Helen eloped with Paris; Œdipus had children by his own mother; Clytemnestra killed her husband and made her lover king—so much of the fact is necessary in each case to understand the magnificent and tragic consequences; but the Greek poets did not pry further into the details of passion.

There are, of course, unhealthy minds which have developed a mania for obscenity, and at the other extreme of exaggeration there are the unbalanced minds which do not care to admit the existence of sex. But sex, in one form or another, is in the thoughts of most people most of the time, and common folk—and the great poets—speak of it constantly, and in the same way. In unsophisticated society, among sincere and simple men, the references to sex are at once reticent and frank; it is recognized and respected as gravitation might be or as the sea is by sailors—

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as a power always immanent, in contact with which men may be lost or saved. Gossip in that kind of society may whisper that such a girl had a child by such a boy only a month after their wedding, or that so and so is not really the son of his supposed father. Exactly this kind of scandal furnishes material to Homer and to the old prophets in the Bible, to Dante and to Shakespeare, for sex is one of the permanent sides of our moral world. If this treatment of it is essential to a complete picture of life, the thinness of American literature may well come from lack of frankness; but current attempts to correct the thinness by dwelling on physical details are seeking frankness in the wrong direction and are but so many offenses against literary decorum. One reason why we cling with such pride to *The Scarlet Letter* is that with all its shortcomings as a novel it bases its great moral vision on just such a complete and decent observation of life as our books do not usually give us.

IV

In this discussion of sex our attention has shifted from the problem of language to the question of the general and the particular in art—that is, from the principle of decorum involving the medium of literature to the principle of decorum involving its subject matter. This second principle, rightly understood, marks the chief difference between contemporary art and what some of us still believe was the great art of the world hitherto—the best of the Greek, the best of the mediæval. When you look at life naturally, in the directions dictated by your spontaneous impulses, it is your own life that seems important, your private fortunes, your personal ambitions. Everything that belongs to you seems peculiar, because it is not natural at first to compare the lives of others with our own. A poet who presents experience from this angle of individuality will always make a strong initial appeal and perhaps a lasting one, since he falls in with our instincts, and this accord will seem to us evidence of something profound. Such a poet, to some extent, was Euripides, who imagined his characters sympathetically from their private points of view, and portrayed for us the egotism of human nature in its most tragic form. It is not fair to say that in his

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world men and women need only to explain themselves in order to be right; but, at least, after they have explained themselves it is hard to tell who are right and who are wrong. Such another poet is Browning, who represents human nature one individual at a time, always from the individual's point of view. By such a simple and primitive method he obtains effects of obvious richness—he shows how varied life is, since there are so many individuals in it, and how novel it perpetually must be, since each of us is discovering the world for the first time, and how much right there is in every man's cause, once he has the chance to speak for himself. If we had all the works of Euripides, we should probably find in them as rich and varied a world as Browning's, expressed with clearer and more direct poetic genius. Our contemporary taste is rather solidly for this kind of literature—Browning flourishes more and more, and Euripides has been revived; and if you really approve of the individualistic approach to art, it is hard to see how you can call anything indecent. Anything that is natural to any kind of character must get a hearing.

But men can also be imaginative enough to look at life as a whole—first, perhaps, to look out at all other men, and then to stand off and look at all men, oneself included. When you begin to take an interest in other men, you notice of course that their lives are not like yours, not so important nor interesting nor promising, but in their drabness they are all curiously alike; they all, with slight variation, are born, are brought up, fall in love according to their lights, marry, earn their living, have children, grow old, and die. When this uniformity begins to interest you, you are making your first intelligent acquaintance with life; and when you have looked at mankind and included yourself in the picture, when you have admitted however reluctantly that the single addition does not change the total effect, that life is still simple and uniform and that you are less peculiar than you thought—then you have seen yourself at last as one of the human race.

To see this calls for imagination and for the Greek virtue which we translate as magnanimity—great-mindedness. The virtue is not to be acquired all at once. We have made a great

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advance when we can think of life in terms not of ourselves but of moral and material aspects and powers—in terms of youth and age, for example, of strength or beauty or pride. This is the allegorical stage of our pilgrimage in wisdom, no mean stage to reach, though it happens to be out of fashion just now. We are acquainted with it in the old morality plays, especially in the almost popular *Everyman*, and perhaps in Æschylus, especially in *Prometheus Bound.*

But our advance is greatest when we can recognize these aspects and powers in the individuals around us—when our observation includes at one and the same time the general truths of life and the particular instances. The poet preëminently master of this sane wisdom was Sophocles, who, in Arnold's familiar phrase, saw life steadily and saw it whole. The point of view which he represented is the most magnanimous, the least egotistical, that art has yet taken, and one would have to think meanly of the race to believe that we shall not return to it, as to the noblest part of the Greek legacy. But Sophocles was only the illustration of a decorum generally practised. In the brief and magnificent period which left us our greatest perfection in the arts, the Athenians thought of the individual as important if he illustrated for the moment the general truths or fortunes of life, but his strictly private fate was insignificant.

This attitude has been explained by saying that the Greeks, having no gift for introspection, took always an objective view of life, but such a formula hardly accounts for all the illustrations of magnanimity. When Athens was in her glory, for example, it was only the public buildings that were glorious; no individual, not even Pericles himself, thought of putting Phidias to decorate his private home. Again, in the *Antigone* Sophocles is introspective enough—as introspective as Euripides or Ibsen himself—but the introspection is concerned with the general theme of piety, of one's duty to blood relations, not at all with the love story of Antigone. She was betrothed to the son of the king who condemned her to death, and the fact proves tragic for the son and for the king, but the love of the two young people is their private business, and the poet therefore does not let his heroine discuss the problem of piety from that point of view.

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It was the genius of Shakespeare and of Molière, even in comedy, to preserve the same decorum. They show us those aspects of man's fortune which are of interest to all men; of course we are free to fill in the gaps according to our taste in gossip, but the dramatist awakens our feelings and calls our attention only to general experiences and common wisdom. In Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure* is a good example, a noble tragedy and a decent play. It is less glorious than the *Antigone*, obviously, since it shows human nature resisting temptation rather than establishing an ideal, but the grimness of its subject and the fact that it portrays an indecent character do not make it indecent, as some critics think. Its power is its probing into general truths of life, chiefly into the capriciousness of temptation, where sex is concerned, and into the various forms of the fear of death.

Claudio, condemned to die and convinced that there is no hope, persuades himself that he does not care to live; but immediately he has a chance to live at the cost of his sister's honor, and he finds himself slipping into casuistry to make his escape possible even on such terms. Here is introspection of the Sophoclean sort, touching the psychology not of a particular man but of all of us. Walter Pater remarked the paradox that Angelo is tempted to his fall by sight of the pure-minded Isabella, the incarnation of virtue. He might have named other paradoxes of Isabella's influence. She fascinates all the men she meets, good or bad. At the end of the play the Duke announces that he intends to marry her himself, and since he gives her little opportunity to dispute this plan, we may speculate how far his motives differ essentially from Angelo's. But Lucio, the wretch so steeped by habit in indecency that he can hardly frame a clean sentence, is immediately and permanently sensitive to Isabella's beauty of soul as well as of body. Why? Shakespeare merely exhibits the paradox, in his characteristic way, without hint of explanation. But we may read a lesson in decorum, if we wish, in the decency of art, from the first speech of Lucio to Isabella in the nunnery, when the dirty-minded wretch, having none but coarse formulas in his vocabulary, tries to address her with the reverence he feels.

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V

On all this the moralist may comment that decency as a matter of art is one thing, and the protection of public morals is another; that however artists may be interested in the decorum of their medium, or in the general truth of their subject matter, the public is also interested in the motives and the possible effects of their writing. Granted; but if the moral point is to be made, as against the artistic, the artist has his own conclusions to draw. The first is that one may as reasonably question the motives of the vice-suppressors as the motives of the artists. Better not to question the motives of either, but if the mean insinuation begins, it must in justice spread in both directions. The woman before the velvet curtain, described by the preacher, seemed a vision of loveliness; yes, you may say, but what would be the motives of those who produce such an exhibition—worship of beauty, or wish to capitalize our baser impulses? The question is unanswerable unless you can see into men's hearts, but it applies also to the minister who preached the sermon; was he interested only in morals, or was he capitalizing to some extent our craving for the sensational? An artist would be content to answer that where the result is beautiful, in the decorum of the art, it is sensible as well as kind to suppose men's motives of the best; and when the result is not beautiful, it is sufficient to condemn the result, without reference to the motives.

But the more actively censorious hold that the weak need to be saved from themselves; that a constant brooding upon indecencies is the death of the soul. Well, if it is obscenity that we war against, by all means root it out, for it can be recognized at a glance, and the reformer need not brood long upon it. But in the realm of art in which decency rises, the suppression of indecency involves as much brooding on it by the reformer as by the endangered public—in fact, the reformer must specialize in such brooding. Whether or not it is to the death of his soul, it seems to be to the impairment of his taste. You cannot give all your time to bad art and know much about good. The rôle of the censor would take on some dignity if there ever were a censor who was a connoisseur, who was the patron of good poets and painters,

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who actively supported a clean stage. But then, if you had the taste for the best, no inducement whatever would make you give your life to the detection of indecency.

Human nature is wiser in the long run than any censor; in the long run the books of the highest decency hold their place in fame by crowding out the others. The public suppresses indecent books by reading decent ones. Every artist would respectfully suggest this method to all censors. Perhaps the censors will say that the method is too slow—that it takes too long for the good books to crowd out the others. It does take too long now, but why not hasten the process by calling attention to the good books, instead of delaying it by advertising the bad? If the energy which now tries to suppress books sure to be forgotten in fifty years, were directed to the encouragement of the few books which after fifty years might still be worth reading, the final verdict of fame might be hastened. But there seems to be a decorum in morals too, or perhaps two decorums, a creative and a negative—one seeking to displace evil by a positive good, the other too much preoccupied with the evil to notice the good at all.

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THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN

BY BRUNO ROSELLI

No less than nineteen different flags wave lawfully along the Mediterranean Sea at the present time, if we interpret the term Mediterranean to include the Black Sea and the Adriatic; and one or two more may at any minute be hoisted. As a result of the War, the once ubiquitous Turkish emblem has been confined, in the Mediterranean proper, to a limited zone northwest of the island of Cyprus; the Bulgarian floats only along the Black Sea, while the Jugoslav has for the first time tasted salt water, and the Austro-Hungarian is a thing of the past; the yellow and white Papal flag has waved in the Mediterranean breeze on boats of Catholic countries transporting high Church dignitaries; the legal murder of Montenegro has abolished her standard; we have learned those of Palestine, Armenia, Ukrania, and Fiume; while the blue and white flag of the Interallied Entente has again and again forced entrance into a port of unsettled political status, notably in the Adriatic. And the changes have not been limited to national emblems. Egypt is sulky and far less accessible, Genoese seamen under Signor Giulietti have attempted Sea Socialism, former Turkey is a checkered battlefield, American naval units which President Wilson rushed to the Adriatic in 1919 seem to have taken root there, Ragusa has been re-christened Dubrovnik and is alive again, Trieste and Fiume are dead, and Sardinia demands self-determination. Plenty of news; and mainly troublesome.

Yet this year has seen a large amount of American tourist travel in Mediterranean lands. This is partly because a red-blooded people cannot be kept forever from the chief school, altar, and playground of our planet by interested reports of lack of butter and anti-Wilson recriminations; partly because America, having jumped into World War and almost into World Partnership while stupendously ignorant of the history and geography of

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all foreign countries other than England, France, and Germany, has now jumped out of both with a sobering realization of such ignorance, a salutary fear of vicarious information, and an eagerness to learn by the excellent method of visual instruction.

When these tourists pass between the Pillars of Hercules, I hope they realize that Gibraltar is more than a reminder that England shares with the Catholic Church a knack of parking on the most picturesquely strategic spots in the world, and that a right-angle triangle is one in which the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides—even if the hypothenuse be the bluest sea water; it is the perfect production and tangible symbol of British insularity.

Gibraltar's own war is over, but now she sees other people's wars: for Spain is again at the Moors. The Spaniards have no easy time, either, in establishing themselves firmly on their little strip of Northern Morocco, while France "pacifically penetrates" the remaining nine-tenths of the country.

And French Morocco has certainly blossomed forth since the armistice. This being a non-political article, I shall not explain how the French took over this non-warring land as a consequence of the war. I prefer to take off my hat to General Lyautey, now an Immortal of the Academy, for his superb qualities as a colonial administrator. He has even succeeded in creating a fine body of native Moroccan officers in a country where the military career was considered debasing by the best families, and has made it coöperate with the smart young French officers of the new protectorate, thus forming another link in that romantic chain of North African French troops which includes the Foreign Legion. But the links connecting this huge new North African empire of France, which on the Mediterranean includes Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, and extends across the Desert to Senegal in the West, French Congo in the South, and French Soudan in the East—one-third of Africa—are not only of a military nature. A railroad will soon unite Casablanca with Tunis; and already excellent automobile roads are opened on which motor tours, free or personally conducted, are carried on. The sleepy days are over.

Algiers herself is a tribute to French colonization. Those of

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us who think of her in terms of the canvases of the French "Orientalist" school imagine a city far more barbaric and Oriental than the Paris of North Africa is to-day. Now Algiers shines with electric lights, transports its motley population in the swiftest trolley cars which climb superb hills dotted with villas; boasts boulevards only a bit less dusty and *boulevardiers* only a bit less elegant than those of Paris; and glories in department stores where goods sell sometimes at a fraction of cost, having to be disposed of there or not at all.

Tunis is a sad place for an Italian to visit nowadays. Ever since the French occupied in 1881 this advance post of *Italianità* in Northern Africa, an Italian has felt there as I suppose a negro must feel in a Mississippi town: a member of an unwelcome majority which can be curbed but not ignored, a silent reminder of errors of the past. But now the situation is worse. Thousands of local Italians (most of them Sicilians born here) crossed the sea to fight under the red, white and green tricolor, and returned to Tunis with the proud spirit and the lifted forehead of the Italian veteran who has seen his country hard at work on the biggest job of her new history. Such people are hard to Frenchify. And so those who pull the strings of the *Régence* (which is *de facto* a French colony) have replied, by passing laws forbidding other than French citizens to live in the *Régence* more than a short, specified period. And most of the Italians have lived there all their lives, having arrived long before the French! It is a cruel situation. I suppose it will end by the Italians conforming in appearance, and availing themselves of a new clause of the Civil Code of Italy which declares the denationalization of an Italian to be null and void whenever it is "not spontaneous".

But now let us look at the other side of the ledger. When the Italians took Tripoli in 1911, they expected that many of their compatriots from Tunis would move across under the Italian tricolor. This did not happen, because the Italian is afraid of the fiscal and bureaucratic colonial régime of Italy, of the inconstancy of her policies, and of the ease with which people of no colonial experience and inclinations are raised to the highest steps of the colonial ladder in that country. And the World War came before Italy had been able to make much headway in the new colony.

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The year 1915 found her troops withdrawing to a few Tripolitan coast towns, and her civilians repatriating. The bulk of the non-Arab civilians in Tripoli now consists of Italian-speaking Jews, who have ever been an asset for Italy in North Africa, demanding nothing and preserving, if not the culture, at least the language of Italy throughout ex-Turkish lands. It is an interesting and little-known chapter in the history of the Mediterranean, this loyalty of the Jews to the heirs of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany who protected them more or less actively in the past; and it explains why so many Italian-speaking Jews, who had never seen Italy before, volunteered in the Italian army, most of them from the military district of Leghorn, the Tuscan seaport where their fathers were registered in old Grand Ducal days.

Incorrigibly idealistic, the Italians began their colonization of "Libia" by a superb restoration of the Roman triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli, and by archaeological excavations on the site of Cyrene in the old vilayet of Benghazi, now Cirenaica; and they will soon begin to work on the ruins of the ancient temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the barren hinterland of Solum, if this is ultimately adjudged to her.

Unfortunately for Italy, the oases of Siwa and Kufra are also in the debatable district; and the British (should I say the Egyptians?) might disregard Jupiter Ammon, but not an oasis. And so in 1920 a Mrs. Forbes, an Englishwoman, proceeded "spontaneously", accompanied by an Egyptian official, to the discovery of that region; and her recent book, *Kufara: The Secret of the Sahara*, is a best seller among Americans, who little realize, while reading of adventures, what a political rôle the writer has played.

But this is no time for Italy to think of enlarging Tripolitania: she had better think of reoccupying what is technically hers. Can she do it peaceably? It is a problem; but she has gone at it in the right way, changing the status of the country from that of a colony to that of a mild protectorate, by what was really a declaration of autonomy. The echo of this proclamation has stirred numberless natives, West, South, and East.

Particularly important has been its effect toward the East, in Egypt. There the restless Nationalist, the fanatic Fellaheen,

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and the foreigner other than British, all foes of English rule, used Tripolitan autonomy as a means of wringing from England the promise to evacuate. It is difficult to blame them for chafing at being treated as an indifferent crowd of janitors of a precious door; it is also difficult to see what they will do with Egypt, now that England is about to give them a chance to run the state. Technically speaking, England can withdraw from the land of the Pharaohs without undue loss of prestige, keeping the Canal and a "Canal Zone", as well as sovereignty rights over the Egyptian tracks and terminal of the all-red Cape to Cairo railroad. And, the divorce once granted, it is easy to see which of the parents shall keep their promising child, the "Anglo-Egyptian Soudan".

When Rudyard Kipling, in his far-famed *Mandalay*, was singing "Ship me somewheres East of Suez, where the best is like the worst", he did not realize how appropriately and humorously his characterization of private life in the East before the War would apply to public life there after the War. Beyond Suez is chaos, politically speaking—chaos pure and simple, at least along the Mediterranean, in the former Asiatic Empire of Turkey. Jews, Arabs, French, Turks, English, Greeks, Armenians, and Italians disagree totally as to possessions, boundaries, forms of government, spheres of influence, and the rest.

Palestine first of all. Britain has it; *de facto* since General Allenby conquered it from the Turks, *de jure* since the clever Zionist plan was sponsored by the British. No wonder the Pope was displeased when he found that the Holy Land would be taken over by that Protestant country, in spite of the fact that Palestine had always been considered a region to be internationalized when freed from the Turk. But Italy had later been elbowed out of the Near East; France, the chief protector of the Catholics, could not also be the chief protector of the Jews. Thus England assumed this latter rôle; not that she wanted this additional territory, but because somebody must defend with bayonets a Jewish colony where the original Arabs, nine-tenths strong, are to be systematically and brazenly pushed out to make room for an unwarlike group of Jews imported to reinforce the original handful of their co-religionists, and dumped here because they belong to a type not good enough for Ellis Island.

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Just north of Acre, Palestine ends, Syria begins. This is a French protectorate now; or, to be more specific, the Southern zone is, from Damascus to Aleppo. But the moment you pass beyond the gulf of Alexandretta, Syria proper becomes Cilicia, a name sad to French ears, because of terrific military reverses, of which America has been allowed to hear nothing, but which have been so sweeping that France has withdrawn from the region, although everybody allowed her to have it—except the owners.

Against the heart of this region is pointed, revolver-like, the British island of Cyprus. British? Why, of course: in 1878 England occupied it militarily, as a friendly measure toward its Turkish owners, in order that her troops might better guarantee the *status quo* of Asiatic Turkey! If it is true that a sense of humor redeems many situations, even this is liable to redemption.

This island has always made trouble. It began by giving the worship of Venus to the world. The heroic Bragadino was flayed alive by the Turks on this island. Recently, it has given so much malaria to British Tommies and so many worries to British Governors that England, shortly before the War, had seriously considered, I shall not say giving it back to its owners, but selling it to a third party. But the situation is different now. To begin with, nearby Rhodes is in Italian hands, as a result of the Italo-Turkish war of 1911. The population of Rhodes is about two-thirds Greek and one-third Turkish. Invited by Greece to evacuate the island, Italy replied: "Just as soon as England gives up Cyprus". England was furious, but helpless; all the more because she knew that the British occupation of Cyprus was far more irregular than the Italian occupation of Rhodes. Then she began to use persuasion. "Rhodes was, at best, a bridgheead into continental Asia Minor. If England helped Italy annex a piece of Asia Minor outright, would Italy not give up Rhodes, forgetting the unfortunate formula?" She would, forgetting also one of the best of Æsop's fables.

For this is what happened: The part of Asia Minor to which Italy has been in turn granted and denied political rights for the last ten years, adjoins French (or Turkish?) Cilicia in the East and reaches to the Dardanelles in the West, taking in practically the lower half of Asia Minor. As early as 1910, Italy began to

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build railroads here: perhaps with the usual intention; perhaps not, because an Italian rule over Anatolia would have appeared visionary then; while on the other hand it seems only natural that, the main railroads of the entire world having used so much Italian labor, the government of Italy should have finally exploited for itself the road-making ability which the modern Italian has inherited from his Roman ancestors, and should have turned contractor in No-Man's Land. At any rate, all plans were changed by the events of August, 1914. Eight months later, Italy, signing the Treaty of London and then plunging into the cauldron, expected that, if she emerged alive at all, she would appear holding in her arms all this vast territory. Indeed, by the later agreement of St. Jean de Maurienne, Italy was promised even a few more sanjaks. But . . .

Enter Greece. She fights a bit, plays politics and gets a thrashing on the Salonika front, and finally claims Smyrna, repeatedly granted to Italy. Now Smyrna is a Greek city, as things go in the Levant. The hinterland, however, had no Greeks, and a compromise might have been reached by the Allies doing for Greek Smyrna what Italy wanted done for Italian Fiume. Fiume! That explains the whole thing. D'Annunzio's irregular occupation of that city provided the excuse which the Allies wanted, in order to turn Italy down. They claimed that the St. Jean de Maurienne agreement rendered the London agreement null and void; and that this very St. Jean agreement was in turn rendered null and void by the lack of the Russian signature—the Russians having in the meantime gone to the wall. *Ergo*, Italy must keep out. Come on, Greece; back, Italy, back, even with your very transports loaded with troops! Italy deserves high praise for refusing to let her inflammable people know that the men-of-war of England and America—Wilson's America—were used to prevent those transports from landing thousands and thousands of Italian soldiers.

And so by the Treaty of Sèvres, signed August 10, 1920, and officially terminating the war between the Allies and Turkey, the Italian flag was altogether excluded, and the Greeks were assigned the "Territory of Smyrna" with boundaries to be carved by Greek bayonets. The ruins of Smyrna are smouldering while

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I write these lines; and the tragedy—ethical, æsthetic and cultural—of the situation prevents me from yielding to a sensation of triumph as I read in my earlier notes: "Emphasize the instability of this iniquitous arrangement; history still in the making here." The Anatolian campaign of Greece, begun with "Tino's" triumphal entry into Smyrna, the deriding of the few Italians left, the well-screened retaliatory atrocities of the Cross against the Crescent, and the frequent toasts to the day when Hellas would be as great as under Alexander of Macedon, ends with the flight of the Greeks before the ill-organized Turkish irregulars.

The trouble is that Greece had been allowed by the Powers to grow too fast and too easily, and her head has been turned by such phenomenal growth. Everything helped it: the ancient history of these regions, the thin line of Greek merchants strewn along the shores and giving the hasty visitor an illusion of solid Hellenic civilization, the religious factor by which Macedonians and Albanians even inimical to Athens have appeared "Greeks" because they were Orthodox; the Levantine astuteness of Venizelos; the weakness of neighbors; the American-made wealth of a number of patriotic Greeks who actually presented complete men-of-war to the Hellenic Government; the Allies' fear of Italy, who is becoming earnest and practical a bit too quickly; the linguistic ability of the Greeks, who knew what was going on in foreign chancelleries and newspapers while others were at the mercy of a few translators; the distance from the Rhine, which enabled Greece to hold aloof from the World War until 1917 and to be armed to the teeth just on the eve of victory —a victory of Pyrrhus for the other Allies. And since appetite grows with eating, the Greeks had come to believe themselves on the eve of reviving the old Byzantine Empire.

They forgot one element of the situation, however: England holds Byzantium now, and she is not ready to let go. It began as an Interallied occupation, as usual: but one day the British admiral announced to his colleagues that they might stay, but only as guests. Gallipoli was avenged, but in what a strange way!

However, not vengeance but the traditional desire of strategic power explains Britain's course in Constantinople. What Greece would have construed as the humiliation of the con-

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quered Caliph, in the language of England spells "The One Key to the Black Sea".

But of this inner body of waters I shall not speak, for it is really a separate sea in all aspects except the physical. I prefer to follow the poetic course of Leander, and to swim across the Hellespont—finding on the other side more lands recently annexed by Greece: in fact, the beginning of an uninterrupted stretch of 2,000 miles of European Hellenic seacoast, which has barred out European Turkey, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia from any access to the Ægean. Can Greece give a good government to regions as difficult to rule as Thrace, Macedonia and Epirus? Countries politically far more advanced would be unable to cope with the problem which confronts her—a kingdom spread over provinces mentally at odds, and an archipelago which is a veritable European Micronesia; possessing the tradition of a unity which was racial but not political, and of a government whose unit was the city and not the nation. But the Powers are to blame for creating this problem by fostering Greek megalomania; for whenever you see a spoiled child, you must find fault with the parents first.

Only in one quarter the Greeks were turned down by the Powers: in Albania, the southern part of which the Greeks claimed as inhabited by "Albanophobe Hellenes", who turned out to be pure Albanians of Greek-Orthodox faith. It was a late settlement. Did France and England begin to see, as soon as the great mesmerist Venizelos walked out?

Few people know anything about this new state of Albania, the wildest spot in Europe, a bit of Mohammedanism only two hours from Italy, a former Yucatan for Turkish governors, past, present and future nursery for "Arnauts" to act as bodyguard for Christians through the Near East; and the only country which, in these days of governmental money-printing presses working overtime, has no money of her own, but uses that of all her neighbors at a rate which changes according to the nationality and destination of the last steamer in port. During the War, Italy had occupied the country; and she spent hnge sums there, expecting to stay, according to the terms of the Treaty of London. But she had hardly proclaimed her protectorate, when France sent a cavalry colonel from Salonika to proclaim overnight a full-fledged

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Albanian Republic, with the capital in a little town on Lake Ochrida where he was stationed. Naturally, the Albanians flocked to it. The Italian army was then honeycombed with malcontents: it was before order had been restored by the Fascisti, Italy's Vigilantes. The Albanians attacked the Italian garrisons in full force, the Italian soldiers appointed to relieve them mutineed at Ancona, refusing to go: Italy lost all Albania.

The world has been kind to the new state in the matter of boundaries. Just as Albania obtained Argyrocastro and Coritsa in the South, so she was awarded Scutari in the North, against the contention of Jugoslavia. Probably if Montenegro instead of Jugoslavia had been her opponent, things would not have run so smoothly, because Scutari happens to contain the tombs of the Montenegrin royal family. But the brave little land which alone in Eastern Europe withstood the onslaught of the Turk, has been foully murdered. Serbia under the assumed name of Jugoslavia has taken possession, imprisoned, killed, expelled, and then carried out elections which declared at an end the independence of proud Cernagora! *Pro bono pacis*, Italy, whose queen is a Montenegrin, refused to interfere, and even concurred with the Allies in accepting the present Jugoslav boundaries; she refused to discuss Montenegro even when she reached the long prayed-for understanding with the Serbs on the bordering region of Dalmatia.

Why is Dalmatia so unknown to Americans? It is so easily reached via Trieste, and is one of the most picturesque lands in existence. Huge mountains—the Dinaric Alps—are just behind; and a lagoon-like sea, and a maze of low wind-swept islands, and a stony grim soil, make you appreciate all the more the charming *campanili* and the superb Venetian town halls which beautify her constantly warring cities. One does not need to insist on a problem which created such a stir two years ago, beyond saying that the "intellectuals" are Italians, a true aristocratic Venetian immigration, and the masses are Slav. The combined efforts of France, England, and America having failed to provide a way out, Italy and Jugoslavia finally met without middlemen and negotiated the Rapallo Treaty, by which Italy retains Zara, the capital, which has a population ninety-seven per cent Italian, and Jugoslavia is given the beheaded country.

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What can Zara do now, with her two little miles of hinterland? She is neither Italy proper, nor the capital of a Dalmatia now Jugoslav; neither a naval base nor an industrial centre nor a commercial *entrepot;* neither a colony nor a protectorate nor a "motherland". A Zaratino feels that the Italian tricolor is to him the flag of his "Great White Father" beyond the sea; the flag of the rest of Dalmatia to-day—the Jugoslav tricolor—he hates; the old Dalmatian standard of azure with three golden leopards' heads is the only emblem he feels he has in common with other Dalmatians, but that is internationally illegitimate now.

Yet an optimist can use his sense of humor even under such conditions. Take the matter of the currency. By an international agreement generally disregarded, lands under military occupation should use as legal tender only the currency which was in use previous to such occupation. Here, the previous currency was the Austrian crown, now worth a fraction of a cent if stamped by a "Succession State", and practically nil if unstamped. A stickler on legality, Italy continued to use the unstamped Austrian crowns, which, being used nowhere else, began to assemble here from the four quarters of the globe. Whereupon Italy legislated: An Italian lira must be worth seven Austrian crowns here. Bankers made millions and millions before Italy corrected the economic absurdity.

An even more striking anomaly existed at Zara a couple of years ago. You could see there a garrison of D'Annunzio's Fiuman troops, side by side with the regular Italian troops, and housed in barracks of their own. Those were the days when Italy could send no more soldiers to Fiume, lest they turn D'Annunzian. She did send, however, some men-of-war which remained "regular"; and so the *Comandante* decided to return the courtesy, and sent to Zara a picked body of Fiume troops, to live side by side with the "regulars" and incidentally inspire them with their superb discipline. It was a funny situation.

Ragusa is the city which profits by all these political irregularities. A maritime republic of considerable importance in the past, supplying to the Crusaders some of their best boats (and being rewarded by the English language by having the word "Argosy" describe a daring ship), boasting in the Cinquecento a literary

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Renaissance in Latin and Venetian, yet constantly and successfully fighting the power of Venice, Ragusa had died during the last few years. Yet the Austrian Government made this port the maritime terminus of a strategic railroad leading into Bosnia; and lately, with Fiume blocked, this Jugoslav city, renamed Dubrovnik to redeem her Latin past, has become a great port of entry for Jugoslav goods.

No wonder the great Diocletian built a palace for himself in Dalmatia, so that he might rest from the cares of the Roman State. The city of Spalato is built in its colossal remains, and from this very Palatium takes its name. But the descendants of the proud Romans, who until 1877 had contrived to keep the town under an Italian civic administration, have nowhere in Dalmatia been more abused since the War than here. And the word "abused" is mild. In July, 1920, some Italian naval officers sipping coffee at a local café were attacked by the populace without the slightest provocation, and the Italian glass sign *Gelati* (ice cream) was broken over their heads. The commander of their ship, who hastened to their rescue in a little boat, was killed with rifle fire from Jugoslav soldiers ashore, under the shadow of the American cruiser *Olympia*, whose officers had done nothing to stop the riot. And what was the *Olympia* there for, unless to keep order?

You should hear what the local Italians have to say about that American squadron in Adriatic waters, sent at the time Mr. Wilson was legislating against Italy. Even more amazing was its presence in that closed sea long after the Orlando-Wilson incident. On the streets of Spalato (where, incidentally, not one Italian sign is now visible), I saw Slav girls wearing sailor hats with ribbons inscribed "Jugoslav Navy". But this navy is still on paper, although an officer whom I met qualified himself as a Jugoslav Naval Aviator. However, complacent America undertook to bridge the gap for these oppressors of the Italians. As a Spalato Jugoslav put it, "The United States, after giving us a birth certificate, have loaned to us their navy while we build one." Still, if you prefer, you may say again, "Fiume is to blame."

Every few weeks the newspapers tell us about trouble at Fiume; and again I see her, at the head of the Quarnaro, overwrought, watchful, resourceless, sullen; this city of forty thou-

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sand inhabitants, everyone of whom costs Italy several million dollars; this inartistic, mongrel town whose every square inch means a square mile lost somewhere to Italy's all too crowded sons! Yet D'Annunzio is out, Italy herself is out; the Treaty of Rapallo made Fiume a sovereign state, fantastically carved so as to place the wharves and half the harbor and the warehouses and even the power plant in Jugoslav territory. Commercially ruined under D'Annunzio, the city elected to the presidency one Riccardo Zanella, whose chief claim to glory was that he had been D'Annunzio's enemy. His first real act of government was to obtain from Italy two hundred million lire for the rehabilitation of city finances; his second was to dress the Fiume militia as Jugoslav gendarmes. Then they kicked him out, and again called to Italy; and Italy again had to say "No". Now Zanella is back—for the present.

Post-bellum Romance ends here. West of Fiume, one finds along the Mediterranean that commodity so cordially detested by the Latin temperament, which is called Normalcy; but, whether in Italy or still further west, it is a normalcy less lighthearted, just a bit introspective and suspicious; equally noisy perhaps, but less communicative, and hospitable to the limit of courtesy but not of sacrifice. At the cost of indulging in alliteration, I would define the present condition of the more civilized cities along the Mediterranean as "Normalcy plus Nerves". But, frankly, who had not feared far worse in 1914?

BRUNO ROSELLI.

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THE MAN FROM GOD'S COUNTRY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Richard Webb wished to be alone. To that end he had slipped aside from all suggestions of companionship made the night before at the club by the other newspaper men, and had come out by himself to witness the great spectacle. Just this once he desired to be completely aloof in the crowd, to draw its masked psychology about him like a cloak, unrent by any single intruding personality. He was infinitely thankful that he did not have to write about it. He was not even reporting it for his American paper, having fortunately escaped the assignment. He wondered a little restlessly, out there in the early morning air while one veil of mist after another was gradually withdrawn from the November day's serenity, how the other fellows would handle it, what reactions they would get out of it. Gibbs, of course, would do it for *The New York Times;* but, praise God, Richard Webb was not doing it at all! What he got out of it would be nobody's business but his very own. Surely even a journalist had a right to occasional reserves. He felt a trifle sorry for the other writing men in whose minds, even now, he knew descriptive phrases were beginning to come to birth, to be hastily rustled down in notebooks, and later rounded out to thinnish paragraphs. They must be busy, he thought, describing the London streets filled with the vast reverent multitude, bearing flowers in wreaths, and crosses, and simple sprays, and the still tenderness of this Armistice Day of 1920, when the body of England's Unknown Soldier—so little of humanity, and yet so much—waiting now in Victoria Station, should be escorted to its resting place in the Abbey. But as for himself, he would not cheapen the event by translating any of its emotion into newspaper phrases.

The whole idea of reporting this was so repellent to him that he wondered, a little apprehensively, if he could be suffering from

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a latent attack of shell shock which had given him a sudden distaste for his chosen profession. For six years, now, he had been a reporter abroad. Ever since he came over, early in the war in the first flight of American newspaper men, his nerves tense with excitement, a belt filled with gold around his waist, and all about him on the boat crowds of singing, shouting, German reservists, he had not witnessed any of the world's great, continuous tragedy, without translating it into news. Seen now for a moment in bitter retrospect, he seemed to himself no better than an impersonal telephone transmitter, through which the agony of a disintegrating world had flowed from the center of the great disaster, across the Atlantic, to be flung in headlines upon comfortable American breakfast tables, together with the coffee cups, the finger bowls and the hot rolls. "News! News!" he thought bitterly. Great Heavens! what dragging down of a world's agony to phrase it all in newspaper columns! And how very tired he was of *words!* Well at least this burial of England's Unknown Soldier should receive the tribute of his utter silence. That was the deepest that he could offer, and he must give the best that was in him now for he was there to attend in all solemnity the funeral of a man he had known; a man for whose death he felt poignantly responsible, and for whom he had cared, although he had only seen him once. No, that was not true, he had seen him thousands upon thousands of times! But that one especial meeting had been a summing up of all the rest, had made him the type for all the others.

It happened back in 1916, before America was in. Just by chance they two, Webb and the unknown soldier, had been flung together for a few chaotic moments in a wild maelstrom of mud and curses and marching men. The soldier was going up to the front, and Webb was as near the front as reporters were allowed—indeed considerably nearer. He was a private in an English regiment, had been sent ahead with a message, and was waiting by the side of the road for his company to overtake him. Webb was there too, watching the great spectacle and thinking it into words. He had not noticed the boy—really he was no more—until he turned suddenly, looked at him appraisingly, and said, "You're from God's Country, aren't you?"

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"America? Yes." Webb nodded back.

"So am I," the boy said eagerly, and Webb could almost have laughed, for the moment he spoke, in spite of his uniform, his nationality was so unmistakable. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, looking into the young, eager face before him.

"Oh, one of you writing fellows brought me over, a man named Webb—Richard Webb—writes bully war stuff. You're a reporter, too, aren't you? Do you know him?"

Webb's heart gave a lurch, and for an instant he did not answer. There was something in the eager eyes that terrified him. It was with an effort that he said, "I am Richard Webb."

"You," cried the other, "*You!* Good Lord, I never thought I'd have the luck to see you!" And by the sudden tribute of his face Webb perceived that he was a being set apart. "It was your stuff brought me over," the boy said, simply.

"Mine? Good God!" Webb exclaimed under his breath. He had a panicky desire to turn tail and escape, as though something tremendous and sacred were coming too intimately close to him.

"Yes," the other rushed on, "there were some especial articles, early in 1915—remember them?" (Oh, yes, Webb remembered them well! It gave him a revulsion of feeling now to think of them.) "Well, they turned the trick for me. They showed me where a man ought to be—at least where *I* ought to be—but I never thought I'd have the luck to tell you so, and—and to thank you." He broke off, flushing, too embarrassed to say more, but the consecration of his face was enough.

"*Thank* me!" Webb cried. "To curse me, you mean!" He looked about at the sordid press and confusion of men, the dreadful mud, a rotting horse by the roadside, and death, he knew, on ahead. The boy looked at it too. "I know," he said, "but it's where I belong." And again illumination shot through all his pride and shyness. "Here's my company," he added. "So long!" With a grin of farewell that did not conceal his emotion, he was gone, swallowed back into his unit, and marching away to death. For of course he had been killed, Webb told himself. So very few came back alive from that slaughter. And he was responsible for his death. What right had he to spread a net of golden words to entrap eager young souls like

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that! It was hard to say exactly why—for they had had so little talk together—but for some reason this boy had stood to Webb as the type of all that generous and glorious youth that the nations had offered at its flood tide, and that the red god of war had drunk to the lees. Of course he had seen it over and over again. He had been at Gallipoli, and had heard that terrible cheering of the young men as they sailed forth to attempt the landing, which meant to most of them almost certain death, although he had not known how to translate it into undying phrases as Masefield had. There was something, he told himself, in the heart of youth that could always be inflamed, made drunk by the call of death and glory. Good God, how he had played upon it! What right had he or any of them so to entrap the youth of the world? Today he was there to offer an atonement, and to pay tribute to that unknown, his fellow countryman, the man whom he had brought over. He knew it was an impertinence to think of England's soldier as an American, but he did not really think of him as such. He belonged to a larger nationality. To youth, to glory, to idealism. He himself had said that he came from God's Country, and probably, Webb thought, letting it go at that, that was indeed the country from which he came. No matter from what part of the known globe such eager souls hailed, they were all natives of that one land. So it was the man from God's Country that they were burying today, and it was Richard Webb who had led him to his death.

But it seemed after all that Webb was not to be alone. He had been standing there some time, feeling the tense expectancy of the people all about him, when suddenly the lady appeared.

Where she came from, how she got there, was one of those mysteries of chance never to be solved. She was real enough in herself, yet she seemed to be so an epitome of all that England had suffered that one almost thought of her as having been distilled out of the hidden sorrow of the crowd. She must have slipped through the press of people at a corner of the street, and come walking down the empty thoroughfare, yet her appearance before Webb, who had been thinking unseeingly back to the eager expression in the eyes of the man from God's Country, was so startling and unexpected as to seem almost as though a

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curtain had been withdrawn and a being had stepped through from the other world. He became aware of her, first, when a flapper near him giggled irrepressibly, and said, "Well, how did *she* break out?" And an older girl beside her said, "Shut up!" fiercely. Then Webb looked and the lady was standing in the street before him, a transparent wisp of humanity. Curiously enough he was conscious, first of all, of the appealing look of confusion and distress in her childlike eyes, rather than how strange she was. Her hair, which was silvery white, was uncovered and shining in the November sun. A dark cloak hung from her shoulders, disclosing a low cut evening dress of delft blue, whose gentle festivity, even Webb could see, belonged to prewar days. In her hands she carried the white chrysanthemums that so many bore that day, but on her feet were fantastic red-tasseled bedroom slippers.

She was protesting anxiously to a perturbed policeman. "No, no," she said, in a breathless, distressed little voice. "I cannot go home—I must be here. He would not like it—it would be *dreadful* if I were not here. No, they do not know I have come—I had to slip away from them. They would not understand, though I explained it to them over and over. But I *had* to come. You see," she said, speaking with a gentle finality, as she looked up into the policeman's face, "I am his Mother."

The officer's big face flushed all over at that, and he looked more unhappy than ever. It was at this point that she raised her eyes and caught sight of Webb. What there was in his expression to reassure her he never knew, but instantly her small face cleared. "You understand," she said, with complete confidence; and prompted by he knew not what Webb returned simply, "Yes, of course, I understand. It's all right, officer," he said, "the lady is with me."

The policeman was relieved. "Well let me know if there's any trouble," he whispered, and holding up the rope let her slip beneath it, and the crowd, straining respectfully back, made a little space for her beside Webb.

"I—I am glad I found you," she said, slipping her hand through his arm, "you are so like Tim."

"Tim?" he asked.

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"Yes," she nodded. "He was my youngest brother, such a dear—but he was killed like all the rest."

But it was not about Tim she talked; it was about her only son who was being buried in the Abbey that day. She seemed quite sure that Webb knew all about him, and about his tastes. "He will like today," she said, "you remember how he loved November? He will be glad to come home on a day like this." But it was not of November days that she spoke most, it was of the spring; the spring when boys come home from school for their holidays. Most especially she spoke of the fresh sound of water running in late April. There must have been something very memorable and happy about the way the water—particularly one brook she knew—ran in spring, because, poor lady, she told Webb over and over about it, her stumbling thoughts constantly tripped up by its recollection. She appeared to realize this, for every now and again she caught herself doing it, and apologized in a little frightened way as though she had been scolded for it. Webb gathered that "they" hadn't liked her to do it. It seemed that as long as she could not forget about the water some one had to stay with her. "But how can I forget," she appealed, "when the sound of it runs in my head all the time, and here too?" she said, and touched her breast. "I might get it out of my head, but it will always be in my heart."

Whatever joys were connected with the brook in spring, they seemed to have been very simple and everyday, just the cozy happinesses that a boy and his mother might have together out of doors. She dwelt so persistently on those old days that she seemed in her tragic person to bring England's happy years before 1914 straying back into the present, shattered by the agony of the war and confused by all the shifting changes of the times. She talked disjointedly in a continuous murmur, necessitating no reply from Webb, and so low that it did not break the pall of silence that was over the crowd. Once she touched the folds of her blue dress. "He liked it," she explained. "It was new just before the war. We had it for best all that spring. I promised to wear it when he came home. It—it isn't quite right for the morning," she faltered, "but I promised him, and so I must wear it."

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But the day's amazements were not over for Webb. As they waited there in the softly clearing sunlight, the great mass of people all about them, the Foot Guards lining the streets on either side now, and in the distance the tall, flag covered cenotaph, there was a stir in the crowd and a man came pushing his way through.

"Webb!" he said, breathlessly, "Richard Webb!"

Webb looked at him uncertainly. He was a man with one arm, gray hair and lined face.

"You wouldn't remember me," he said, "but I saw you once in the great push. It was what you wrote put me there—remember?"

"*You?*" cried Webb, "Why, why," he stammered under his breath, "I thought you were dead."

"No, what's left of me is still alive."

They spoke in hurried whispers out of deference to the deep silence of the crowd.

"I thought it was you they were burying today in the Abbey," Webb said.

"*Me?*" cried the man, "Great Heavens, no! It's a better man than I. It was the best ones they killed. But yes," he went on in a moment, "a part of me is dead, so perhaps they are burying it today."

"Which part?" Webb questioned.

"Oh, you know. The part you brought over with your fine words."

Webb winced away from the bitter disillusionment of the eyes bent on him—eyes that had been so clear and eager when he had seen them before. "Forgive me," he said helplessly.

"Oh, I forgive you all right," the man retorted grimly; "only," he burst out in a sudden passion, "for God's sake, next time, give us something better than war to die for!" The outbreak seemed to unlock the bitterness of his soul, and it gushed forth in fierce, disjointed whispers. "Preach danger to us, and hardship, and something big to die for, and you'll always get us, always get the young men—only, for heaven's sake, don't set us to killing one another again. Mind," he rushed on, "I think our side was right, and if it had to be I was glad I was in it—only why in

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God's name didn't some of you wise ones see it coming, and dig in to resist it years ago? *We* didn't know. How should we—that's not our job. We only follow a good lead. We're always there, I tell you, red hot and ready for anything big. We're straining on the collar, and always ready, and then suddenly some of the big ones go crazy, and slip the leash, and in an instant we're at one another's throats, killing each other for a big idea—*killing* each other! God, what a damned waste! There it is, I tell you, all the red hot youth and idealism of the world, always there—a flame in the heart—always to be called on! But they *never* call on it for anything but war! Oh, can't you give us something better than that to die for?"

"What is its moral equivalent?" Webb asked uncertainly, stunned by the indictment from the heart of embittered youth.

"Lord, *I* don't know," the other retorted angrily. "That isn't for us to know. It's for you writing chaps to find out. We only follow a good lead, I tell you. Only," he whispered savagely, "think twice before you incite us again with the intoxication of words. Oh, you think the war's over and the world—what's left of it—safe now—I tell you it's *never* safe! Something will happen again, and in a second, before you realize it, you'll have us at one another's throats once more. Oh, I'm safe enough now!" he glanced at his empty sleeve, "but there are always more of us! Great God, you could do *anything* with us—move mountains, turn the world over, make a new heaven and a new earth—but all you ever do is to set us to murdering one another. Oh, for God's sake—for *Christ's* sake, preach us something better than war! We're so easy to be had—the flutter of a flag, drums beating, fine words—and we're off. Oh, I was young once; don't I know?"

"How old are you now?" Webb asked.

"Twenty-five," the man returned bitterly.

Webb was silent for a space. "I always thought of you as the man from God's Country," he said at length.

The other stared at him. "You didn't mean America?" he questioned.

"No; the land of youth, of faith, of glorious sacrifice."

"Well, I don't belong to that country any longer."

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Webb looked at the lined face and the hair that was gray now, but had been bright gold. "Well," he said at length, "anyway it's a man from there they're burying today."

"Oh, God, yes!" the other cried under his breath. "It must be! They couldn't fail to pick one of them—there were so many, they died in shoals everywhere."

Suddenly the lady who had been standing silent reached across Webb, and touched the new comer, lightly, with her transparent fingers.

"I am glad you are here today," she said softly, her blue eyes raised to his.

The American had not noticed her before, but now he turned upon her a startled, comprehensive glance.

"It is this lady's son that they are bringing home today," Webb explained gravely.

The other's face flushed darkly all over, and he pressed his lips tight together. "I understand," he got out at length, and slipping behind Webb, he wedged his way through the crowd, and came to stand by the lady on the other side. "I knew your son very well, Madam," he said. "It was a great privilege."

He did not touch her, but bent down to her, very tender and reverent, his head uncovered.

"Yes," she answered, responding to his homage with a gentle graciousness, "I am sure you did. I know it is only his friends who are here today." She looked around for a moment on all the vast packed crowd of people. "He had very many friends," she said. "Many more than I knew. Indeed," she confessed piteously, looking confusion, "of all these friends of his you two are the only ones I seem to know."

The man spoke to her quickly, reassuringly. "But you do know us," he said, "so it is all right, and all these other people are his friends, and of course yours as well. They do not actually recognize you, perhaps, but they know you must be somewhere here, and all their hearts are with you."

Her face cleared gratefully. "Yes, of course," she said. "I had forgotten."

After that she began, in her gentle murmur, to tell him all over as she had told Webb about her son; about his youth and

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most especially about the beautiful fresh sound of water running in the spring. She had a confused way of calling it the resurrection sound.

The morning had worn on; the streets were a sea of waiting people. The mists were gone now, and even the air and the sunshine seemed to partake of the utter stillness. But suddenly the silence was cut by the boom of a minute gun. Webb felt the little woman's body stiffen against him, and as the gun went on, minute by minute, a slow deep pulse of expectancy, he was conscious of her hands upon his arm in an agony of waiting. Then at last, far away, the air began to weave itself to rhythm. The Life Guards in front of them, with one solemn gesture, rippling along the whole line, reversed arms, and bent their heads over the stocks of their guns; and now one began to hear the drums rolling out the Dead March in the distance, and the skirl of the pipes. Far down the street men were taking off their hats, and here and there a handkerchief fluttered. The lady began to shake. "I mustn't cry," she whispered desperately.

Webb could not steady her. He did not know what he might do when those dark suffocating drums, beating out the sorrow of the world, came opposite. Again it was the other who reassured her.

"You will not cry," he whispered. "You will be too proud for tears. Your son has saved England, and all of England is here to pay him tribute."

She nodded swiftly back at that, her small face quivering, and her body bracing itself.

So they waited, the two Americans standing beside her in an utter reverence. The procession was very close now. First came the mounted policemen, then four regiments of Foot Guards, and now the pipes and drums—every drum encased in black—were passing with their terrible, heart-throbbing music. Followed a little pause of empty space, and then the gun carriage with its burden. On the casket lay the simple belt and helmet of a private soldier, and on either side of the carriage marched twelve pall bearers, Admirals, Generals, and Sir Hugh Trenchard, the first Air Marshal; representatives of all of England's high command from the land, the sea, and the sky.

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With a quick gesture the lady had slipped out of her cloak, letting it fall darkly about her feet, standing forth in her blue dress, the sun upon her hair and bare arms, and the white chrysanthemums that she bore held close against her breast. As the cloak had dropped from her shoulders, so, almost, her body appeared as well to have fallen away leaving only her spirit there. She stood without a quiver, all her being gathered up in one intense look, fastened upon the flag covered casket. As he passed she spoke softly to her son. "Christopher—Kit! My dear, my dear," she whispered, all of England's pride and grief gathered in her one person.

It passed, and with the rolling drums, the pipers, and the solemn marching men, went on to the cenotaph. Here a figure came forth to meet it bearing a wreath, and someone in the crowd whispered, "The King."

The flowers had fallen from the lady's fingers, her body was still beside Webb, but she herself was there with her son at the foot of the cenotaph. Suddenly she spoke, "It is the King's son who is dead," she said, her own loss swept away in the revelation of the nation's grief. But in a moment she spoke again out of complete conviction. "No! The Son of Man—it is the Son of Man who is dead for all the sins of the world."

As she said the words a woman somewhere in the crowd screamed sharply and fell into deep sobbing.

The first strokes of the hour sounded from Big Ben. Every hand was raised in salute. The King pressed a button and the flags fell away from the cenotaph, leaving it stark and white to the gaze. Silence then, utter and complete. Silence over the waiting crowd, over all the city, and throughout the country. Silence, it seemed to Webb, over all the world, while the whole of humanity fastened the eyes of the heart upon that sacrificial altar whereon the spirit of youth had been offered for the sins of the nations.

Silence . . . then the bugles blowing the Last Post.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

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THE WORLD MISSION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY FREDERICK DIXON

A FEW miles out of one of the great cities of the world is a little inn which carries on its signboard the name, "The World Turned Upside Down." The traveller who enters its doors must often wonder how it came by such a name, but the chances are that it is merely a reminiscence of a once popular tune, the very tune that the bands of Cornwallis's regiments played on the day they marched out of Yorktown to surrender to Washington. Tucked away in a London suburb, the little old inn must have seen the world careen many times as it has spun down the decades. But probably never before, not even in the time of Waterloo, has it turned so completely upside down as in this decade of Armageddon.

In such circumstances it is not unnatural that men everywhere should be asking, "In the restoration of the world is the Church playing its full part?" The question is an atom invidious when put, as it is put, to members of individual churches. And yet the query is one which it is not difficult to answer. Anyone who will stop to measure the aspirations of the churches against the frailties of the flesh will probably come to the conclusion that for men and women to act up to the full profession of their faith would be practically impossible, since even the man who raised up Eutychus, in the street at Troas, was driven to admit to the Romans, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." It was, indeed, the suspicion of "The Gentleman With a Duster" that the Church was failing in its moral leadership, that caused him to write his own famous volume, *Painted Windows;* and Professor Kirsopp Lake, in writing the foreword to the American edition of that book, insists that no one can afford to neglect this warning. The requirement of Christ Jesus to his followers in all ages, "Verily,

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verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father," is too deliberately set aside as incapable of demonstration, and the Sermon on the Mount is too readily classified as a mere counsel of perfection, to make it possible to pretend that the churches are bringing forth their full fruit. And the matter is probably better left there. But to the question as to what the individual's own church, which in my case is the Christian Science Church, should do to play its part, it is possible, without even an implied criticism of others, to return a very definite answer.

The Christian Science Church is essentially a healing church. To comprehend, however, exactly what this means, the word healing must not be understood in any mere medical sense, but must be expanded to include the destruction of anything inharmonious with Principle. This, surely, was the theology of the first century, before the miracle had been degraded from being a demonstration of the force of Principle into a supernatural infringement of law. The healing of people physically is an important phase of this demonstration. The healing of their sorrows and sins is an even more important phase, for the connection of sickness with sin was indicated clearly by Jesus when he said, to the impotent man, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." But healing, in its full sense is the exertion of the energy of spiritual law, and this is really what Huxley had in mind when he insisted that a miracle, so far from being an infringement of law, itself an absurdity, could only be an indication of hitherto unsuspected law. Obviously, then, at a moment when the world is turned upside down, a demonstration of the power of divine Mind to control material phenomena must be of the first importance. It was the existence of this power which Jesus preached from Capernaum to Jerusalem; it was the availability of this power that he showed in healing the sick and raising the dead, feeding the multitude and finding the tribute money, calming the tempest and walking on the water; it was the fact of the Science of his teaching that Mrs. Eddy explained in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* and her other writings, that she demonstrated in her own healing of sorrow, and sickness,

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and sin, and to the preaching and practice of which she called the members of the movement which she founded.

It is plain, then, that the responsibility of the Christian Science movement is today a heavy one, but it is an individualistic one. The individual, that is to say, is responsible to Principle for living, in that splendid phrase of Milton's, "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye," so as to retain that mental poise and clarity of vision, that purity and true humility, without which the words he speaks can be only "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal", and any hope of demonstration based upon a scientific grasp of them impossible. This does not mean that every Christian Scientist who is not raising the dead or walking upon the water, or even healing the sick, is a failure or a fraud, but it does mean that he is a Christian Scientist in the exact ratio of his achievement. The spur to that achievement can, of course, never be a selfish one. If it be selfish, eventual shipwreck is inevitable. Jesus himself made this perfectly plain to his disciples when he said to them, at the very moment when they were congratulating themselves on their success as healers, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." He could hardly have said more plainly that the healing they had accomplished was the result of no virtue in themselves, but rather the effect of spiritual causation, to take advantage of which they must themselves remain in obedience to divine law.

At this point the question imperatively arises, What is this law of cause and effect which is of such paramount importance that Mrs. Eddy herself writes, on page 170 of *Science and Health*, "Spiritual causation is the one question to be considered, for more than all others spiritual causation relates to human progress." Spiritual causation is the fact that the one and only Cause which absolutely exists is the divine Mind; that the creations of this Mind constitute the spiritual phenomena, which today we see in a glass darkly, but which, in the proportion in which we rid ourselves of the false belief of life in matter, bred by the carnal mind, we shall see face to face; and that just as this carnal mind, instinct with the lusts of the flesh, is

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put off, there supervenes that understanding of Principle, or God, which makes possible the demonstration of the power of Principle in what is known as the miracle. This is a conclusion the force of which is admirably brought out in that incomplete translation of the letters to the Church at Corinth made by one of the few men who have mastered the peculiar Greek of the New Testament, known as κοινή: "The things we now see are reflections from a mirror that we have to make out as best we can, but then we shall see realities face to face. Now I know imperfectly; then I shall know all, even as I have been known. But meanwhile faith, and hope, and love last on, these three, but the best of them is love." In a world of thought creations, such as modern natural science insists that the physical universe is, an understanding, however slight, of spiritual causation must be valuable; in such a world turned upside down it must be invaluable.

Now, if anybody will critically examine the nature of men's present discontents, he will quickly discover them to be compounded of fears and rooted in fear. If, however, he will probe a little deeper, he will discover that fear is something far more significant than being afraid: it is the existence of the belief of life in matter. If a man did not believe that life, and so sensation, was inherent in matter, he would have nothing to fear. Neither sickness nor death, neither exposure nor starvation, neither threats nor violence, could make any appeal to him, and he would begin more sanely to grasp the fuller meaning of that serene, almost contemptuous, reply of Christ Jesus to the boasts of Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Christ Jesus had raised the dead, had walked upon the water, had fed the multitude, had stilled the tempest, and had vanished, when it suited him, from the crowd. To imagine, in the face of such miracles or demonstrations, that the Roman governor in his limited material concept of things had power to crucify him or to release him, must have seemed to him ludicrous even in the face of the conflict with sin and hate which he was facing in the determination to prove the nothingness of these and the allness of Life and Truth upon the cross. There, at the judgment seat of Pilate, there

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was and is revealed to all mankind the way to help the world. It is to realize that the struggle is not with people, but with mental conditions, which in turn claim to possess and govern people. Pilate was possessed and governed by fear, the fear that the poisonous suggestion, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend," would be carried to the suspicion-laden air of the Roman court. Believing in matter and in little else, with the whole-hearted thoroughness of the educated Roman, he saw opportunity, success, riches, friends, even life itself endangered, and he surrendered to his fear. For the moment, he retained his offices, his opulence, and his power. But at what a price, a price summed up by Christ Jesus himself, in one scorching and appalling sentence, "Verily I say unto you, They have their reward."

The work of Christian Science, therefore, is essentially to lift from the world this fear which, in the very nature of things, is forever oppressing it. In doing this it may become its privilege to engage in those acts of mercy and kindness which are summed up in the parable of the Good Samaritan. But in doing this, it will be dealing necessarily with effect, and its work scientifically must be the destruction of cause, for ultimately there is only one reason for human sin and affliction, the attribution of power to evil, and this reason is itself only a supposititious reason, since evil, the cause of everything unlike Principle, has no reality, and is nothing more than a human belief in the absence of good. Christ Jesus made this perfectly clear on more than one occasion. Once, when he told Nicodemus that the carnal and the spiritual were things of separate birth; once, when he told the Jews that the devil, who in the language of his day was merely personified evil, was himself only a lie, without a shred of truth, which is reality, attached to him.

It is here that the question of the healing of the sick becomes so important. For this healing of the sick is the test of the individual's understanding of Principle. So long as the Christian Science movement is really healing the sick, it is fulfilling its function, and no attack from all the forces of evil can prevail against it. If ever, however, it were to compromise with evil, to compound with the world, it might seem to flourish and to

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put on leaves, like the green bay tree, but its doom would be assured. Here is the significance of that paragraph in *Science and Health*, "The flesh and Spirit can no more unite in action, than good can coincide with evil." To which, a few lines lower down, she adds the warning, "Only through radical reliance on Truth can scientific healing power be realized." If, relying radically upon Truth, the individual can heal sickness, he is in some degree, at any rate, justified in his battle against those human beliefs in the acceptance of which sickness finds its expression. That was why Christ Jesus sent out the disciples to combine practice with precept, to preach the gospel and to heal the sick. And that is why he warned them, on their return, not to rejoice in the fact of their personal success, but rather in the fact that their names were written in heaven; in other words, that the fact of harmony was so overwhelming that their understanding of this could, as they had seen, overwhelm inharmony whenever and however presented to them. It is the obvious mission of Christian Science to demonstrate the truth of this to a world turned upside down to-day, and the measure of the individual's demonstration of this is the measure of the fulfillment of his duty to humanity.

Clearly, then, the effort of a Christian Scientist is essentially an individualistic one. It is primarily to live and work so as to be able to preach and heal. In the proportion of his success he must, in turn, bring healing to mankind, and help to right a world turned upside down. The so-called physical causes of this upset are all in reality entirely mental, and are included in a belief in evil. Now Christian Science insists, of course, on the idealistic as opposed to the materialistic theory of the universe. But if Mrs. Eddy had stopped here she would have got no further in discovering the secret of divine healing than did the philosophers. She insisted, instead, on forcing her arguments to their ultimate conclusions, and so in bringing about an appeal to mental healing from which Berkeley recoiled when he declined on tar-water. In doing this Mrs. Eddy broke completely with every school of philosophy and every scientific theory, save that which she herself evolved from the Bible, and named Christian Science. For she repudiated in every way the theory that Spirit was or could

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be the ultimate of matter, and carried the philosophic theory of matter as a mental phenomenon, and so an unreality, to the point of insistence that the νοούμενον, or mind, that produced it, was itself nothing at all but the personified lie of the Gospels, and as such a mere counterfeit of divine Mind, Principle, or God. When this is once grasped it is easy to understand that the ills of the world do not present to the Christian Scientist at all the same problem they do to the rest of humanity. The sensuality, the dishonesty, the sorrow, the sickness, all these, in their myriad phases, are there, demanding relief and destruction. But instead of their being something beyond his power, he knows that they are, on the contrary, within the range of that power, in the proportion that he lives up to his profession. This does not in the least leave him in an academic frame of mind unable to participate in the ordinary schemes of humanity for the betterment of the world. He can and should play the full part of a citizen of his country. But it does give him a clearer perception of the claims of citizenship, and so enable him the more effectively to meet those claims.

This, it will be seen, frees a man entirely from the reproach of "Black-coated Sabbatarianism", and carries his religion into every thought, and so every hour and every action of his life. "This spiritual idea, or Christ, entered into the minutiæ of the life of the personal Jesus. It made him an honest man, a good carpenter and a good man, before it could make him the glorified."[1] Now every Christian Scientist should know enough of Truth, and live near enough to Truth, to be his own physician. And if he were really his own physician, he would carry his understanding of Principle out into the world with him, wherever he might go, whether as a carpenter or as a publican, a fisherman or a scholar, whether into Wall Street or the stockyards, whether in the building of bridges or the writing of books, remembering that there is nothing so large or so small but that it is an idea in infinite Mind, and that he

> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine,

[1] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 166.

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no whit less than the president of a republic or a great poet. The vastness of the power of Christian Science to aid a world turned upside down must become more and more apparent, and the responsibility of every member of the movement more and more unavoidable.

For what does it mean to be your own physician? It means to have ever before you the ideal of making yourself every whit whole, and learning every day how to translate this from a pious desire into an increasing manifestation of Truth. Only in the proportion in which the Christian Scientist achieves this end can he escape the reproach of the world, "Physician, heal thyself." For it is in doing this that the student learns in the words of the great Hebrew philosopher, written to the Philippians, to let his conversation be in heaven. Now the word translated conversation means more precisely citizenship, and thus it is obvious that, in the intent of the New Testament, the good citizen is the man who knows, and so is able to demonstrate, the truth of Principle. It was Christ Jesus himself who said, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." What is continuing, in the words of the Christ, but having your conversation, that is your citizenship, in heaven? And does any human being know a better way to help humanity than by doing this? But in Christian Science this is not done by assuming the name of a Christian Scientist. It is done solely by living the life of one, an effort which depends upon a scientific knowledge of Truth. But a knowledge which is scientific is always a knowledge which is demonstrated. Therefore was it that Mrs. Eddy wrote, on page 55 of *Science and Health*, "My weary hope tries to realize that happy day, when man shall recognize the Science of Christ and love his neighbor as himself, when he shall realize God's omnipotence and the healing power of the divine Love in what it has done and is doing for mankind."

This is the part which has to be played by the Church of Christ, Scientist, if it is to fulfil its mission to mankind. What is this Church? It is not a building, not an organization. It is "The structure of Truth and Love; whatever rests upon and proceeds from divine Principle" (page 583 *Science and Health*).

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Clearly the individual is a member of such a Church in the exact degree in which he puts off the old man and puts on the new; in the proportion in which he knows the truth so as to be freed by the truth; in the ratio in which his citizenship is in heaven. Therefore was it that Christ Jesus, on the road to Calvary, pointed out to every one of his followers for all time his own Calvary, the crucifixion of the lusts of the flesh, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

Obviously, then, the Christian Science movement is doing its predestined work in the exact degree in which its members are putting off the old man with his works and putting on the new. In a general way this is true of all churches, but it is essentially true of the Christian Science movement in that it has undertaken to be obedient to the entire demand to preach the gospel and to heal the sick—spiritually and not materially. That it is doing this, not so fully as it would wish but none the less abundantly, is clear from the steady way in which it is increasing, from its testimonies of healing, and from its innumerable charities. If it should ever fail in these, the seeds of its own failure would appear. At present it is the only church in the world which has set itself a standard by which it may be measured in the world. Lived up to, this standard would re-create the whole thinking of the world, and prevent it from being turned upside down.

FREDERICK DIXON.

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THE VITALITY OF CONFUCIANISM

BY CHANG HSIN-HAI

ONE of the most significant movements in the intellectual life of China to-day is the attempt to submit accepted ideas to a new and fresh criticism. Whether that criticism in its present stage of development is sound is perhaps a doubtful question; but the movement, as a whole, towards what we may call intellectual autonomy is certainly salutary from all points of view. I say that the criticism itself has still doubtful value, because it is not inspired by the highest ideals of the critical art. Critics do not as yet seem to have a correct conception of what criticism is, nor how it arouses the intellect from the stupor into which it has fallen, and discovers the permanent truths of the great thinkers of the past. This second function of the disinterested search for truth is undoubtedly the most important function of the critical art, that which gives criticism its abiding value in all aspects of intellectual endeavor. As it is, the Chinese critics to-day are paying an undue amount of attention to the controversial side of criticism. One gets the impression, after reading the large amount of critical material that is being put forward especially in the periodical literature, that the predominant spirit is not the spirit of the inquirer for the truth, but the spirit of Mephistopheles. *Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.* And so is the Chinese critic. He prides himself on the frequency with which he is able to demolish his opponent's ideas.

It is therefore particularly significant that in the midst of this intellectual rowdyism, of this critical amateurishness, there is a small group of men who, instead of saying that Confucianism is a thing of the past, as many people are doing who think that intellectual originality consists in irresponsible denunciations, are steadily and patiently endeavoring to reveal its essential value and to preserve it as the foundation for the new society that is rapidly coming into existence.

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It is a remarkable phenomenon which seems to be common to all religious faiths that as soon as they become established and are accepted by the majority of men as being worthy of whole-hearted devotion, the process of petrifaction begins to set in. To arrive at the original spirit in which a man like Confucius or Christ taught is perhaps impossible. What may reasonably be expected is that the central points of their teachings should be thoroughly understood. To do this, it is necessary of course that there should be a sufficient amount of intellectual strength and an inquiring mind which is constantly engaged in examining the extent of the validity of these central truths and in seeing how far they are borne out by actual experience. Such is what I may call a living contact. The contact is a living one, because although in a general way we are agreed that these great truths have permanent value for us, we do not merely accept them but are concerned primarily with having an intimate knowledge of them, and adapting their essential phases to our own existence. Under these circumstances, there is little that is formal. It is in the spirit of these great truths that we live and have our being.

Now a living contact is exactly what we have not had for a long time in Confucianism. We have suffered from Confucian formalism as the people in the West have suffered from Christian formalism. No honest person will deny that traditional theology, which survives in varying degrees of severity in the different sects of Christianity with its numerous metaphysical fantasticalities, does not represent the true spirit of the Christian religion. In the same way Confucianism, which at bottom so deeply and so fully satisfies the desires of the human heart, has been encrusted with a rich layer of unessential material which people have taken to represent the genuine spirit of Confucian teaching. But this is an unfortunate confusion; and the important thing to do at present is to see what is involved in this confusion so as to bring to light once more the eternal truths which have given real happiness to generations of men in Eastern Asia.

This is why it is so very significant that a movement has been started to see what there really is in Confucianism, how far and in what respects it has value for the human soul, and the degree

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of similarity or disparity which exists between what it really is and what has been traditionally accepted as Confucianism. Traditional Confucianism, like traditional Christianity, does not of course entirely misrepresent the Confucian spirit; but there is no doubt that a great deal of it has deviated from the central ideas and is therefore of little value.

Now it is unfortunate that some of the enthusiastic modernists have their attention fixed only on what is of little value in traditional Confucianism and then say that if such is Confucianism it is clearly useless, and must of necessity be ineffectual either as a religious faith or as an ethical philosophy. A well-known philosopher who has recently been in China did not find anything worth while in Confucianism, except that it has taught the Chinese people how to be polite. And he went on to say that Lao-tse was by far superior to Confucius both in the earnestness and in the profundity of his thought. I do not wish here to go into a discussion of the comparative merits of the teachings of Confucius and of Lao-tse, but the philosopher who saw nothing of value in Confucius has certain prepossessions with which Confucian teachings have little to accord. They happen, on the contrary, to be well supported by the thoughts of Lao-tse. And consequently he raised Lao-tse to an eminence which the Chinese people on the whole are unwilling to grant. In a similar way, those who go to China to vindicate the Christian faith refuse to allow to Confucianism what it really possesses. They either do not have the catholicity of mind to see its strength; or even if they do, they make it a point never to grant too many concessions as it might otherwise induce people to think that Christianity has no reason to be in China.

All that the missionaries are prepared to say, therefore, is that, in certain respects, Confucius succeeded in teaching what Christ taught, but that, even though he did, he was always in one way or another inferior to Christ. Either his tone is not spiritual enough or the delivery of his ideas lacks directness and poignancy. From whatever point of view, Christianity, they argue, is on a higher religious and ethical level, and so under all circumstances it must be taken as the standard. If Confucianism has anything to show which resembles Christianity, then to that extent it is

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as good as Christianity. If it has not, so much the worse for Confucianism; for so long as it differs from Christianity, so long is it in a lower order of existence. A number of quite simple-minded people have therefore been made to say that inasmuch as Confucius himself never claimed his teachings to be absolute and final, as Christ did, it is perfectly clear that Christianity must be a more comprehensive religion than Confucianism, that it must possess greater spiritual value for the human soul.

In point of fact, however, this claim to absoluteness, for which the Christians are so very proud of their religion, is not without an element of weakness. Whether that religion is absolute or not is a doubtful question, but the most serious psychological effect which this uncompromising mental attitude produces is the tendency towards narrowness of mind; and narrowness of mind has been responsible for the larger portion of the calamities and unhappy occurrences which mar the otherwise brilliant history of Christianity. The Inquisition, the Index, and the other innumerable forms of persecution which have arisen because of the maintenance of what are called heretic views—all these are as remarkably prominent in the history of Christendom as they are absent from the twenty-five centuries of Confucian teaching. And why? There are a variety of reasons; but are we not warranted in saying that this claim to absoluteness is a very strong reason?

Now Confucianism, instead of teaching that there is a finality in the utterances of the servants of God, tells us that after all the essence of a worthy life is to be found in ourselves. Confucius says, in a characteristic way, that about the utterances of the Divine there is no absolute certainty. We must continue to disagree as to what exactly the divine utterances are. He acknowledges a Divinity, but the divine is what each one must find for himself. It is therefore only wise that we should pursue the divine in a purely positivistic way. We must in other words begin from the human, from our own nature. "If we do not know the human, how are we to know the divine?" There is no gulf between the human and the divine. The divine is realized in the ultimate realization of the human. And each must realize the human through himself. There is thus no need

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for the establishment of a distinct class of people who are supposed to possess the power of ministering the divine. Confucianism has no priesthood: the moral and religious life is the personal problem of the individual himself.

What I wish to illustrate is that Confucianism allows the maximum amount of toleration. It does not decry any person because he happens to have another belief; it does not at any rate go to the extent of persecuting him. And it certainly does not say that any one who does not believe in Confucianism is on that account a heathen, one who is beyond salvation and must therefore be in hell after death.

There is of course a definite hierarchy of values in religious and ethical as in other matters, and one religious system may on the whole satisfy human needs more fully than another; but most people have the incurable habit of selecting and comparing a few separate statements and then argue the superiority of one religion over another on that basis. But comparison of disconnected dicta is of all things the most unprofitable in religious affairs. It is a very superficial undertaking, and betrays a mind which, as Mr. Santayana says, knows nothing, loves nothing and is nothing. Religion is what we live by, and what is of account is therefore its spirit, the totality of its essence rather than any separate injunctions or commands. That is why it does not avail anything when the missionaries insist upon saying that Confucianism is inferior to Christianity in this or in that respect. Translators of some of the Confucian texts into English have always been anxious to detach some specific passage and then subjoin it with a similar passage from the Bible which makes upon the reader the impression that Christianity is the better religion.

I had the opportunity many years ago to see what Mr. William J. Bryan had to say of Confucianism; and, as usual, he pointed out that while Christ taught that we should do to others what we wanted others to do to us, Confucius taught that we should *not* do to others what we would *not* have others do to us. In other words, while the fundamental thought is similar in the two cases, Christ is superior to Confucius because His is a positive command while Confucius gives only a negative one. And upon a basis like

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this, the Western world has maintained for a long time that the East is negative and the West positive in its teachings. We smile at this kind of rigid antinomy, of course, because such facile distinctions, although making for convenience, are almost certainly superficial. But, besides, in this particular case of Mr. Bryan, he did injustice to Confucianism, like most of the missionaries, because the efficacy and value of a religion cannot possibly be judged from scattered statements, much less from only one of them. Even the Decalogue is but one part of Christianity. What is of importance is the total effect of the entire teaching. So also with Confucianism.

And even from the practical point of view, the attempt to discredit Confucianism by a series of petty skirmishes, as it were, does no good whatever. As long as there are educated Chinese who know something of their own history, these skirmishes will only serve to strengthen their stronghold instead of inducing them to surrender it, which is what undoubtedly the skirmishers aim at. That is why with all the missionary anxiety to Christianize the Chinese people, the more thoughtful ones are ever combining themselves to give greater force to the teachings of Confucius. While they have merely lived in the Confucian tradition for many centuries, they are now beginning to be conscious of it, to reflect upon it, and to strengthen it so as to make the generality of people aware of its great worth and possibilities. In other words, Confucianism is being revitalized, and there is a growing recognition that it must be preserved as the basis for the society now in process of reorganization. All this is taking place with the expansion of intellectual conciousness, but the unskilful tactics of the missionary skirmishers are no less a contributing factor. The more they continue to discredit Confucian teaching, the more they make Christianity unacceptable to the more thoughtful Chinese, because if Confucianism is of as little value as it is often taken to be, we must either say that the Chinese people have contributed nothing of permanent value to mankind, or if they did, it was not because of Confucianism but in spite of it.

Now there is no gainsaying the fact that no single force has been more responsible for what the Chinese have been and still

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are than Confucianism. It has produced types of humanity which are worthy of its grandeur and nobility. Chinese history shows distinctly how much the Chinese people owe to Confucian teaching for what they have done, how much they have depended upon it for their happiness and for the realization of the worthy ends of life. And so when they are told how Confucius is defective in a variety of ways, they immediately ask themselves: "Can it be true that Confucius has little value for us? What do the facts of history tell us? Can Confucius be what we are told to be when generations of men have found in him the source of real joy and the guide to an elevated and noble life?"

We can readily admit that the Confucian tradition, as it is, has lost much of its vitality, but this is not the fault of the Confucian teachings themselves but of those who have taken them amiss. I wish therefore to distinguish traditional Confucian from the real spirit of Confucian teaching. What the real spirit is will always, I admit, be difficult to find out. Every age has the tendency to read its own thoughts into the past. To see the past as it really was is one of the most difficult of intellectual undertakings. People are, whether they will or no, influenced to a greater or less degree by current ideas, by the contemporary forces that work upon their minds. Take Christianity, for instance. People think that what they now understand it to be is the true version of Christianity; and yet it is not difficult to show that present-day Christianity is Christianity worked over by the sociological teachings which played so important a part in the intellectual life of Europe and America in the second half of the nineteenth century. The idea of utility, of social service, assumes a more prominent rôle in Christianity to-day than it ever did. What would a man like Jonathan Edwards, to go no farther than the eighteenth century, think of all the sociological crusading with which Christianity seems at present to be completely identified? Where is the sense of sin, when everywhere people are soothed by gulps of frothy optimism? And yet the conception of sin is one of the underlying conceptions of the Christian religion.

So too with Confucianism. Traditional Confucianism no

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longer represents the true spirit in which Confucius taught. And although the task of rediscovering the true spirit involves many difficulties, it must be performed if Confucianism is to find a large body of genuine devotees. Traditional Confucianism differs from the true spirit of Confucianism in one of two ways. It either takes the unessential aspects of Confucianism to be its essential aspects, or it loses the spirit of the original through generations of unenlightened and uncritical acceptance.

To take an extreme example of how an original idea may completely lose its force through insufficient mental equipment, for that is what an uncritical acceptance of ideas really amounts to: The Andaman Islanders, the Australian savages, and their cousins in Africa, are now having practically as much Christian teachings given to them as the most intelligent peoples of the world. They are, I suppose, being taught the doctrine of the Trinity, the idea of original sin, predestination, and all the fundamental aspects of the Christian faith. It is of course a great credit to the energy of the missionary: it speaks for his enterprising activities. But the question remains whether all this Christian material which he so carefully prepared will not be reduced by the new believers of the faith into the form of worship which their mental inadequacy has made them accustomed to. Eventually what has been taught as Christianity will turn into something both rich and strange. We shall find it transmuted into one form or another of animism, of totemism, and into other forms of primitive worship. This is as it inevitably must be.

Now exactly the same mental process is at work when the original teachings of a faith like Confucianism come to acquire a totally different significance from what it was really intended to be. Without being perfectly clear of the real import of the Confucian teaching, without the comprehension and appreciation of its total spirit, it was only natural that the people began unconsciously to give a new version to Confucianism. What is really central would be taken as the peripheral, what is peripheral as the central, and so there would be no end of confusion. And such was precisely the case.

One of the most fundamental conceptions of Confucian teach-

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ing is the idea of *li*. It is recognized by Confucius himself as one of his five cardinal virtues. Like all the great moral virtues, it has always had a spiritual significance. But *li* has been frequently taken to mean no more than rules of etiquette. One well-known sinologist, with all the Confucian texts before him, could not find a better term for the word in English than "rules of propriety". This is an utter misconception, because rules of propriety, however elaborate and refined they may be, do not go beyond the sphere of rules, and rules are mechanical things, a series of external commands which do not under any circumstance carry the idea of moral value which the word as used in Confucianism implies.

The word, as I said, is an important one in Confucian ethics; and without going into its details, we would do well to find out what its real implications are. It is used frequently in more than one sense; and it is perfectly true that sometimes it is used to mean no more than a group of externalities for the regulation of society, of the relations between one man and another. It sometimes means an elaborate ritualism, to be observed punctiliously at certain ceremonies and festivities. These ceremonies and festivities have their own peculiar rites, as they must, to distinguish themselves from one another. Hence in the *Li Ki*, which has been translated as the *Book of Rites*, we have a very detailed discussion of what the different rites are, how they are to be performed on the different occasions which call for them. Similarly, in other treatises, the authorship of which is however more or less uncertain, we have a number of minute observations on the performance and execution of the elaborate series of mechanical rules.

Then again, the word *Li* has been taken to mean one's deportment, the way in which one should conduct oneself in the presence of others. Different occasions again require different forms of demeanor. Thus in one of the books of the *Confucian Analects*, a work which was compiled by the disciples of Confucius to record what the Master said and did, we have a most amusing picture of the daily life of Confucius. Whether the description is merely a faithful reproduction of Confucius's everyday performances, or whether it is meant also as a subtle

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piece of caricature, is a question which perhaps would be difficult to settle. But, at any rate, we are told that Confucius would not eat if the meat that was served to him was not properly cut, was not cut in good geometrical figures! At another time, we are told that Confucius refused to be seated on a mattress if it was not properly laid out. And then the recorder went on to describe the different forms of walking which Confucius assumed in going to and from the Imperial court, and so on. All of which seems to produce the impression that Confucius suffered from an acute form of moral priggishness. That must be the impression which Mr. Bertrand Russell carried away with him, for he told us not long ago that Confucius was a moral prig!

Now this elaborate ritualism does not accord well with the spirit of Confucian teaching as a whole. In a very characteristic remark, Confucius said in a reply to a question on the importance of ceremony that the essential thing is the sincerity of feelings, and that ceremonies, after all, have little value. The true Confucian idea on this subject seems to be this: That one's actions are not the regulated products of the ceremonials but are the expressions of an inward spiritual state or condition. In other words, what Confucius means by the word *li* which is, as I have said, one of the cardinal virtues, is that we should examine into our inner life and try to harmonize its conflicting elements, each of which insists upon going its own way. We have in us an orgy of desires and instincts, a menagerie of wild animals which are engaged in perpetual conflict with one another. Now Confucius says that in order that we might live a worthy life, one in which are realized the highest ideals of humanity, the most important thing to do is to give no chance for the assertion of our ordinary self. For the assertion of our ordinary self means chaos and disorder. What is required is the harmonization and coördination of the conflicting forces so that, instead of being elements of destruction, they may be brought into such a relation as would best contribute to the realization of the higher ideals of life. Now that principle of organization, of harmonization, is to be found in the idea *li*. It is essentially an inner principle, and the order which prevails in society is its physical embodiment. When people are inwardly

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at peace, there is no cause for disorder in society. Society is after all what the individuals make it to be, and when they have undergone the necessary spiritual discipline, their actions in society inevitably assume an orderly appearance. It is not society that needs regulation: it is the individual. And so the popular idea of *li* being no more than a series of rules for the regulation of men's conduct in society, fails absolutely to convey the original Confucian sense. Confucius is for from within outwards: the popular idea is for pure mechanism.

That is why Confucianism is essentially individualistic. It says that each person must be his own savior, and to save himself he must cultivate the inner life. The inner life is in continual process of cultivation: the individual must continue to realize in him the highest and noblest ideals of human life. The ultimate product is therefore the man of absolute moral perfection; and who is he? He is the equal of God! It is impossible therefore to deny the existence of the element of the divine which is in Confucianism. All the discussion about whether Confucianism is a religion or not is in a large measure, as it seems to me, futile and unprofitable. The important thing to bear in mind is that Confucianism is more than an ethical philosophy. It recognizes an Eternal Power which it admits to be on a higher level of existence than anything that we find in the human sphere, and the aim of our moral activity is to approach this Eternal Power. There is, to be sure, a peculiar method of approach in Confucianism which makes it different from a religion like Christianity. While Christianity first postulates a Divine Power and then encourages struggling and fallen humanity to attain it through the sense of dependence upon Its omnipotence and Its eternal and everlasting efficacy, Confucianism does not recognize such a dichotomy. It gives no place to the antinomy between the divine and the human, but it says that the divine is realized in so far as one realizes the human. The divine is in the human, not in the sense of its being physically present there, but in the sense that if we fulfil the true law of our being, we discover that then is the divine within us. In this lies the fundamental difference between Confucianism and Christianity. The history of Chris-

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tianity is what it is because it believes God to be God, and man, man. Therefore it has need of intermediary agents of reconciliation if man fails to cultivate the religious life in him. And for the same reason, there has grown up a rich literature of casuistry which we do not discover in the entire history of Confucianism. There is in Confucianism absolute autonomy. It has great faith in the power of the individual to give to himself his spiritual salvation. In this world of intellectual and moral independence, I leave the reader to decide for himself which it is that gives him the greater satisfaction, which is the more acceptable of the two.

What I have given is an example of what can be done in the way of rediscovering the permanent truths of Confucian thought. Much that is going on in China under the guidance of a few thoughtful leaders has been of great value, and there can be no doubt that it will prove beneficial to China as well as to the world.

CHANG HSIN-HAI.

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CONSTITUTIONAL CONCEPTIONS: A CONTRAST

BY WILLIAM D. RITER

MANY writers on constitutional law, some but not all of them possessing a profound insight into the science of government, have often endeavored to explain the fundamental ideas which entered into the formation of the Federal Constitution. Upon one theme, which has engaged the earnest attention of all, there has been substantial unanimity; and that is that the line which separates the Nation from the State is established in bold relief. The line of cleavage, it is admitted by all, is not defined with meticulous care, but is derived from a consideration of the basic powers entrusted to the Nation. It is agreed that whatever powers are not expressly or impliedly granted to the Nation are reserved to the States or to the people. No other conclusion is indeed permissible, this being the very language of one[1] of the first ten Amendments, all of which were proposed within a few weeks after the Government was founded. The absence of these Amendments from the original draft of the Constitution, all but two of them being in the nature of a Bill of Rights, for a time threatened its adoption, the opponents of ratification being won over by promises that at the earliest opportunity they would be formally proposed. This is forcibly shown by the introductory part of the resolution under which their submission to the States was made:

> The Conventions of a number of the States having at the time of their adopting the Constitution expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added: And as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government will best insure the beneficent ends of its institution—Resolved . . . That the following articles be proposed to the legislatures of the several States, as Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.[2]

[1] The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

[2] This resolution was passed by the first Congress, which convened at New York on March 4, 1789.

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Many well known statesmen of an earlier generation, revered in their day for their broad vision, but whose admonitions have unhappily had little influence upon the present age, were accustomed to assert that the whole foundation on which these respective governmental powers rested was apt to crumble if this division between the Nation and the State was not to be sedulously maintained. They repeatedly asserted that it was essential to the perpetuity of our institutions that the separation of these powers, then supposed to be wisely balanced, should be scrupulously upheld. It was openly proclaimed that the Nation, possessing such powers as were then supposed to be conferred, was abundantly endowed to attain in the fullest measure the great and enduring ends of national existence. On the other hand the evil consequences that must result if the State's power of control over domestic matters was to be withdrawn, were recognized by all.

All of this of course presupposes that in adopting the Constitution the people had well settled convictions as to the proper line of demarcation between the Nation and the State. It moreover gives emphasis to the fact that they possessed an abiding faith in their ability effectively to function within the two fields of activities thus circumscribed and drawn. To assert that the powers accorded to the one or to the other must be separately preserved if the great object of our national well being is to be attained, is but an implied avowal of the capacity of the people to reach the maximum of efficiency within the two orbits of governmental activities. No one was then prepared to advocate the doctrine that the States must receive outside guidance and assistance in matters with which they alone were concerned. The utter helplessness of the Colonies under the Articles of Confederation to achieve national strength was, however, everywhere recognized. It was this very impotency which gave rise to an insistent demand that a Federal Convention be called. Its authority was in strictness limited to formulating amendments to the existing Articles of Confederation. When some of its far-visioned members, convinced of the absolute futility of such a course, began preparing not amendments but an entirely new Constitution, many an acrimonious debate took place. Open

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charges of wanton usurpation of authority were not infrequently made. For a while grave fears were entertained that these fundamental differences could not be composed. But in the end hope triumphed over despair.

It is of course axiomatic that although supreme with respect to all matters committed to its charge, the Government of the United States possesses only those powers which are expressly or impliedly delegated. The States still enjoy all the powers of sovereignty which were not surrendered to the Nation. But their unwillingness to surrender to the Federal Government all of the attributes of sovereignty which they had strikingly exhibits the then prevalent notion that, within the sphere reserved to themselves, the States could more effectively promote the general welfare of all.

A comparison of the underlying conceptions prevailing at the time of the adoption of the Constitution with those of to-day presents in truth a remarkable contrast. That instrument still remains unaltered in its most essential features, but a radical change in the public mind has taken place with respect to the extent of the powers which the States and the Nation respectively enjoy. At the beginning the former looked with jealous concern on any attempt by Congress to deal with matters of local concern. To-day there is a wide-spread feeling that the States have outgrown their usefulness. And as a necessary corollary there is an alarming tendency to insist that the Constitution be interpreted in such a way as to impose no limits on Federal activities whatever.

It must not of course be overlooked that this change of sentiment is in great part possibly due to a fuller realization of how broad some of the Nation's powers really are. While it can with accuracy be said that the Constitution itself has not changed, the truth is that not even its founders had in mind how far-reaching some of its language was destined to become. Who, for example, would have been able to point out at the time it came into existence the extent of the power flowing from these simple words: "The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States"? Their meaning has given rise to endless controversies

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which have challenged the attention of the highest court of the land for over a hundred years. The process of interpretation, necessarily slow and laborious, has been attended, it is true, by numerous divisions among the members of the court, but always with profound reasoning and an exhibition of mutual self-respect and restraint that have done so much to inspire confidence. Upon these words alone depends the validity of a mass of Federal legislation which is being augmented every year. Comprehending as they do every species of commercial intercourse, it is now unquestioned that Congress possesses the power to regulate the railroads, the telegraphs, and the telephones; to prescribe their interstate rates; to control their intrastate rates to the extent of removing any discrimination against the former; to determine the measure of liability for injuries to their employes; to fix their hours of labor; to prescribe, at least within certain limits, their rates of pay; to govern navigation; to regulate the payment of seamen's wages; to establish harbor lines; to say what bridges shall be built across navigable streams; to prevent the transportation of improper film pictures; to punish any one for transporting a woman from one State to another for immoral purposes, even if not done for commercialized vice; and to suppress monopolies and restraints of trade.

Leaving to one side its authority to legislate with respect to the census, treason, national elections, national territory, and prohibition, all the powers vested in Congress by the Constitution over subjects of legislation are to be found in no more than eighteen cryptic sentences. When we stop to consider that two of these relate to taxes and to commerce, and that the remaining sixteen relate to borrowing money, to naturalization, copyrights, patents, bankruptcy, the coinage of money, counterfeiting, the fixing of weights and measures, the establishment of post offices, post roads and courts, offenses on the high seas, war, the army and the navy, the militia, the seat of government, and jurisdiction over forts, arsenals, etc., we begin to see how circumscribed the powers of Congress really are. And yet the official set of statutes embracing all laws, both public and private, enacted since the Government was founded, comprises over thirty-eight thousand quarto pages.

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The very fact that these powers, however broad and important each one is, are so few in number, is proof enough that the people who adopted the Constitution had unbounded confidence in their ability to grapple with matters of purely State concern. With respect to matters of National concern, where all alike were more or less affected by discordant and antagonistic commercial legislation; with respect to the pitiful absence of any effective power to raise revenue under the Articles of Confederation, even to discharge the indebtedness incurred in the War of Independence; with respect to rules of commerce whereby one State was able to enforce its own policy, however injurious to the trade of another; and with respect to treaties with foreign nations who were accusing us of bad faith in carrying them out when the truth is we lacked the power to do so, there was indeed a growing conviction that complete demoralization was bound to ensue unless something was speedily done. It was apparent to all that weakness and discord must be supplanted by strength and unity.

But no State doubted its ability to manage its own affairs. Not only was that thought never entertained, but from the time the framers of the Constitution entered upon their task in May until their work was completed in September, the whole struggle was over the extent of the sovereignty which each State was willing to surrender. On more than one occasion the jealousy of the smaller States, fearful lest their control would pass into the hands of the larger, threatened the whole proceedings with failure. But not once did any member arise to assert that a Nation was needed to govern the people in the sturdy ways of local citizenship.

All this is now changed. A new generation, with new ideas, new aspirations, and new conceptions, has come into being. Any attempted interference by Congress with matters which once at least were regarded as essentially local now meets with but a listless or at best half-hearted resistance. With the people apparently resigned to the notion that their standards and ideals are incapable of realization unless imposed upon every other section, there is an increasing tendency to disregard all geographical barriers by resorting to powers that acknowledge no limit other than the Nation itself. This evolution of thought, remark-

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able for its tendency to ignore all legal restraints, has no doubt been measurably accelerated by the slow but steady process of unfolding the tremendous possibilities that lie in the power committed to Congress of regulating commerce among the several States. However simple these words appear upon their face, their true scope and meaning have given rise to judicial controversies almost without number. Many of the ablest opinions of the Supreme Court, noteworthy for their fine display of reasoning but exhibiting in many instances a wide diversity of views, have been devoted to their consideration. The outstanding feature, however, in this process of constitutional interpretation, necessarily slow because the ever-changing conditions of civilization can not be anticipated and therefore must be dealt with only as they arise, is the conviction which has been irresistibly forced upon the people, not however without an occasional murmur of dissatisfaction, of the complete supremacy of the Nation over the State.

Whenever a conflict between the two has been presented, no matter what form the conflict may have taken, the State has invariably been forced to yield. At first blush it would seem that any possibility of conflict between two such sovereignties, each exercising legislative power in its own field, is extremely remote. But it must not be overlooked that there are numerous matters concerning which a State may legislate, even though the ultimate right of control lies with the Nation. This is upon the theory that so long as Congress permits certain of its powers to lie dormant, the State during this period of suspension may with perfect propriety impose its will and regulate its citizens. But the moment Congress sees fit to call into play its hitherto unexercised authority, the moment it determines to invade the field itself and establish a rule of conduct applicable to the Nation as a whole, then all conflicting State legislation must give way. There can of course be no divided authority. To say that two sovereignties may have equal jurisdiction over the same matter, each alike being enabled to impose its own will, is a contradiction in terms. The authority of the Nation when once exerted is paramount and all-embracing.

A striking illustration is to be found in the regulation of rail-

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road rates. State governments may fix local freight charges and establish passenger fares, which, if not confiscatory, must be observed by the carriers and the public alike. But the moment Congress determines that these rates impose an undue burden on interstate commerce, it has the undoubted right to remove all obstacles and obstructions, whatever the degree of their interference may be, the States being thereafter impotent to interfere. This is not because Congress has jurisdiction over State rates as such; but possessing, as it does, plenary power over interstate commerce, it has the undoubted right to control State rates whenever their regulation is necessary to its full and effective control over commerce among the States. This doctrine is of course essentially sound. A few States, however, responding to the misguided efforts of their railroad regulatory boards, are now importuning Congress to withdraw its indirect power of control over intrastate rates. It is believed that this movement has its origin, not because of any general alarm over the prospect of an unwarrantable invasion of States' rights, but because these local boards, chagrined at the thought of their own powers being curtailed, are sedulously fostering the notion that any outside interference will work incalculable harm.

The Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, is the only part of the Federal Constitution upon which any doubt has arisen as to the supremacy of National over State legislation. There is to be found at no other place a provision similar to the one it contains, which gives both the Nation and the State *concurrent* jurisdiction to enforce its commands. This amendment affords the first and only instance where the people by express constitutional sanction have seen fit to have the State share with the Nation in the enactment of legislation concerning a matter over which the cloak of federal power has been extended. In a determined effort to banish liquor in all its forms, some States, moved to extremes by a blind but relentless fury, denounced its use for even proper medicinal purposes. Pressed forward by the new and restless spirit of the present age, which is eager enough to turn its back on the priceless store of learning accumulated only after centuries of slow and toilsome

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effort, the lay legislator arrogantly substituted his judgment for that of the physician by denying the latter any voice in the matter at all. But Congress, with becoming moderation and self-restraint, has taken a different view, the use of liquor for medicinal purposes being expressly sanctioned, although of course under appropriate safeguards.

Here, then, is an express conflict in legislation between two sovereignties, each being empowered to enforce the commands of this Amendment. Sooner or later the controversy must find its way to the highest court in the land. If that tribunal is to be consistent with its past decisions, no one can doubt that it will again stoutly assert the absolute and undivided supremacy of the Nation over any matter committed to its charge, before whose will, as expressed in statutory form, conflicting State legislation must at once crumble.

The fact that year by year the States have seen their own laws and even their own Constitutions fall before antagonistic national legislation, has induced a wide-spread notion that the Nation's sphere of action is without any limit whatever. The old spirit of local pride, which more than once threatened the Constitutional Convention with disruption and which came perilously near preventing the ratification of the precious instrument which it prepared, has almost disappeared. The sturdy self-reliance of the people of that age; their resentment at any suggestion that they were incapable of conducting their domestic affairs; their sublime faith in their ability to minister to their own local needs; and their instinctive repulsion to the notion that the people of one section should contribute to the tax burdens of another, are now thought to be unworthy traits which should be spurned instead of followed. The States, it is true, are still thought capable of constructing sewers or running state fairs; but with the Nation already staggering under the weight of a tremendous war debt, a determined effort is being made to use federal funds for almost every conceivable purpose. There was indeed a time when the people looked with anxious concern upon any attempted entrance by the Nation into unaccustomed fields; when the prevailing sentiment seemed to turn with bitter scorn against any proposed federal measures unless plainly au-

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thorized; when great debates, both in and out of Congress, took place over the line of demarcation between State and Federal power; when any suggested encroachment of one upon the other called forth the spirited opposition of statesmen who, born under the shadow of the Constitution and inspired by its principles, were able to explain its meaning.

Those days, unhappily for us, are of the past. On every hand we discern a growing inclination to disregard the true sphere of federal activity. The mighty stream of local self-reliance, whose current was once swift enough to overcome every suggestion of outside help or interference, is now but a stagnant pool. Following the policy of paying for things as they went along, and choosing to forego luxuries rather than submit to the crushing weight of enormous bond issues, the States were at one time under no compulsion to devise schemes for federal aid that they might escape the curse of their own folly. Their simple but unfaltering faith in their own wisdom to promote their own local welfare and happiness has been supplanted by the vapid notion that Congress alone possesses both the foresight and the means to reach this goal.

There is an insistent demand that the Nation invade all possible fields of legislative activity, without any serious thought being given to the boundaries beyond which it is powerless to go. Federal appropriations for maternity purposes are being made, federal laws to suppress lynching are being proposed, and federal measures to control education are being advocated, with only a handful of statesmen prepared to call attention to the radical departure from constitutional views which they all involve.[1] And even when the Supreme Court, upon the sole ground that Congress was attempting to legislate respecting a subject over which the States alone possess jurisdiction, put its stamp of disapproval upon an enactment designed, under the guise of a taxing statute, to regulate child labor, that tribunal met with malignant denunciation. All persons professing deep attachment to the

[1] During the debates in the House of Representatives on one of these measures, one of the members, with singular obtuseness, argued that the bill was constitutional under Art. 1, §8, cl. 1, of the Constitution, which empowers Congress to levy taxes, etc., to provide for the general welfare. Although this demonstrated a lamentable misconception of constitutional law, no other member attempted to expose its fallacy.

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principles of the Constitution should have applauded its course.[1]

When, therefore, we stop to compare the constitutional conceptions of the present generation with those of a century and a quarter ago, we come to an affrighted realization of the fact that the Constitution, whose few paragraphs can be memorized with but trifling effort, is in greater need than ever of being expounded. Its precepts must be learned anew. Of all persons who should steadfastly resist any encroachments upon its integrity are the legislators assembled under its authority, all of whom by its own express terms are required to take a solemn oath to preserve and defend it. It is small wonder that the lawless mob, when called before the bar of justice, cynically invokes its provisions as a shield of protection, when visionary reformers are bent upon interpreting the instrument as giving unbridled license to go to any extreme, however laudable some of the ends may be.

[1] It must not be understood that I express any disapproval of this law from the standpoint of desirability. I am dealing with its constitutional aspect, and that only.

WILLIAM D. RITER.

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A PAPER ON FREE VERSE

BY ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

When I was invited last term to discuss some poetical subject before a literary society in my old college in Oxford, it seemed to me that the question of Free Verse would suit the occasion; and having well considered the matter for that select audience, I am now summarizing my discourse as lucidly as I can for a wider public.

First of all it is expedient to get rid of the word Poetry. I shall not discuss the difference between poetry and prose,[1] but merely the distinctive forms of verse and prose. The term Free Verse implies that it is with form that we have to deal, and not with content; and my procedure will be to try to discover the meaning of the term Free Verse, and then to show some of the results that must follow from writing in the new or free manner so described or imagined.

Though I wish to confine myself to English Free Verse, one cannot treat the subject at all without reference to French *vers libre;* because in France the revolt against the traditional form is in its threats and promises very similar to our own, and the theory of it has been more intelligently handled and analyzed there than by English critics, the best of whom borrow their reasonings, so far as I can find, from the French. I do not see that we have in England any definite or logical notion of Free Verse distinct from the French, nor that, as far as theory goes, there can really be any difference.

The impulse of the movement is admitted to be a widespread conviction that the old metrical forms and prosodies are exhausted. Thus Mr. Flint, who is well acquainted with the

[1] Argument with those terms sometimes takes the following form:

"Verse is poetical rhythm;
All imaginative prose is poetical;
It is also rhythmical;
Therefore, all imaginative prose is verse=free verse. Q. E. D."

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French movement and has long been keeping us in touch with contemporary French verse, writes in his *Other World Cadences* one sentence of his creed,—

> That Rhyme and Metre are artificial and external additions to Poetry, and that as the various changes that can be rung upon them were worked out, they grew more and more insipid until they have become contemptible and encumbering.

One could not subscribe to this formula without recasting it, but its exaggerations represent, as I take it, merely an emotional quality in the writer's true conviction.

The word free in free verse means escape from something, and that something is the old metrical forms and prosodies. And now having cautiously taken this first step on to solid ground, we shall naturally ask whether, having discarded the old forms, we are to have any new forms, or whether "freedom" is merely absence of all form. And since formlessness can have no place in Art, and since any discussion on the nature of free verse implies some form in it, however critics may have failed to define it, we may assume that, besides the negative quality of lacking all the distinctions of metrical verse, there must be some positive quality imagined for it by which it will be distinguishable from prose.

And besides the determination to escape from metre, there is also another point on which all free versifiers agree, namely that free verse must be rhythmical (conveniently used for eurhythmic), nor does anyone doubt what is meant by rhythm. Rhythm is in fact difficult to define, but it is easily felt, though the faculty for feeling it varies immensely. Here it is enough to say that it is more than mere movement; it is rather a coördination of movements that appeals to the feelings or emotions; and if prose were not rhythmical we should here have the differentiation of verse from prose. But good prose is also rhythmical, so that our question about rhythm must take this form, namely, whether there is any difference between the rhythms of verse and prose, and if so, what that difference is.

Now it would seem clear that the main formal difference between the rhythms of prose and metrical verse was due to the prosody; and since that, being discarded, can no longer serve for

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a distinction, it will follow that, if there is to be any distinction between the rhythms of prose and free verse, it must be a more subtle affair.

The main effectual difference between the rhythms of the old metrical verse and of fine prose is, that in the verse you have a greater expectancy of the rhythm; and that comes of the rhythms being more marked and predetermined and confined; and the poet's art was to vary the expected rhythm as much as he could without disagreeably balking the expectation. This expectancy appears in the critical attitude of the hearer towards the more irregular verses of a poem. In prose this sort or grade of expectancy was absent and even forbidden, and however much the orator's art led you to welcome the sequence of his phrases, and however satisfied you might be when they disclosed themselves, yet they did not seem predetermined.[1] Thus if a sentence in an old text were deleted you could not supply the lost rhythms in a prose passage so confidently as you might in a poem, where the metre prescribed certain necessities.

It follows from this that what is verse to some hearers is prose to others; and since there is no short speech-rhythm in prose which might not be used as a metrical rhythm or a part of some metrical system, the only difference would seem to be that in prose the rhythms were not evident or repeated; if repeated you would come to expect them.

Now if we should take on the one hand some fine passage of English prose, and on the other some fine passage of our old metrical verse, and regard them as typical extremes, it is plain that between their markedly different rhythmical effects—one of which we recognize as prose and the other as verse—a wide field lies in which it is possible to construct something that would be neither the one nor the other. And free verse will be an expatiation of some kind in this field; and it may be claimed, as I think it is imagined, that such an intermediate form may combine some of the advantages of both systems: it might possess in some measure the freedom of prose and the expectancy of the old verse: but we should be prepared to find

[1] Dr. Blass on the Greek orators, with Aristotle and Dionysius, supplies illustration of the Greek practice of hybrid forms.

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that in discarding the distinctions which perfected the old types, it lost their most forcible characteristics.

A French writer, to whom I shall return, argues thus: The old poetic verse, he says, marches along by virtue of its common-speech units, the rhythm of which is chosen to enforce or vary the metrical lines. And he contends with Mr. Flint that the beauty of the rhythms lies wholly in the speech-rhythms: they are the essence of the thing, and we do not need the metrical units, which may be regarded, almost historically, as a scaffolding for the building that has been erected, and having now served their purpose, they may be removed and permit the rhythmic building to stand clear.

This is intelligible enough: I wrote myself (in *Milton's Prosody*),—

> It might be possible, as it is certainly conceivable, to base the whole art of versification on speech-rhythm, and differentiate the prosodies secondarily by their various qualities of effect upon the speech. But no one has ever attempted that.

And now, quoting myself, I see that I had no right to say that the attempt had never been made, for of course I cannot know, though I am convinced that the task lies beyond our power. But it is plain that the establishment of speech-rhythm as the rule of free verse would, if it should arrive at any rules, be a first step towards such a fundamental analysis, and we shall now have to examine that step as the theorists have made it.

The French critic, M. Dujardin, whom I have quoted above, (*Les Premiers Poètes du Vers Libre*, in the *Mercure de France*,) has a full knowledge of the subject: he writes with authority and it seems to me with common sense, great ability and sound logic: I shall take his analysis as a basis. (*a*) He assumes that one can recognize good prose when one sees it,[1] and that it is possible to write a prose poem, i.e., to write "poetry" in prose. But that is not free verse. (*b*) He is also in my opinion quite right when he further asserts that the "verses" of the Bible have

[1] The fact that it would be equally true to say that it is impossible to draw the line between prose and verse (as appears throughout this discussion) does not invalidate M. Dujardin's assumption. No line can be drawn between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but we do not for that reason deny the typical distinction between a lion and an oak tree.

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given rise to a unique impression which, having been consciously and unconsciously copied, has created a distinct recognizable form. And this is a hybrid: it is not free verse. (*c*) He recognizes the habit of introducing irregularity into the old metrical forms, i.e., writing the old metres so that they do not scan. This, which is common in France, is the commonest kind of incompetent technique in English poets of whatever style at the present time. This again is not free verse. (Under this head would fall the *vers libéré* of modern French, the *prose cadencée ou vers libres* of Molière [*Malade Imaginaire*], and, I suppose, the blank verse passages of Dickens's prose.) (*d*) And to these three I must add a fourth, a form of verse which perhaps is not yet recognized in French though it is common with us, viz., Irregular accentual verse. This is not free verse in the proper sense of that term, because it really conforms, or should conform, to definite metrical laws, which allow indeed any irregularity of length in the line but somewhat confine the rhythms to very various but still definite forms.

M. Dujardin then describes what the elements of the new verse, i.e., rhythm without metre, must logically be. Since the elements of the new verse can no longer be the syllabic feet of the metrical system, they must (he says) be the rhythmic sense-units which are in revolt against them: and so (*a*) A line of free verse is a grammatical unit or unity, made of accentual verbal units combining to a rhythmical import, complete in itself and sufficient in itself; (*b*) the line may be various in length, and of any length, only not too long; (*c*) the line is absolutely indifferent to syllabic numeration or construction apart from its own propriety of sense and pleasant movement; (*d*) and being free from all metrical obligations, such as cæsura, hiatus, etc., these and all other artifices proper to metrical prosodies are forbidden to it.

The above statement does not seem to me to be open to objection: it is a competent description of the trend of experiments, justifying their successes and discriminating their inconsistencies and errors. We may provisionally accept it with confidence: but M. Dujardin leaves us after all with no other distinction made between prose and free verse but this, namely

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that free verse is made up of short sections or lines which are in themselves accentual and grammatical unities: and it is in this description, which does not fit prose, that we must look to find the distinctive positive quality of free verse.

The independent formal existence of prose is not denied on any hand. Mr. Flint, with whose opinions I hold much in common, and who appears here to be at one with M. Dujardin, distinguishes "prose" from "cadenced prose", and seems to imply that all "cadenced prose" is free verse. Thus he says "Cadence should not be printed as prose", and, as I read him, he notes this undefined term "cadenced" to be the distinction between prose and verse. That, or any other term, would be useful and serve for a name if it were so defined as to distinguish the prose rhythms which without damage can be represented in short sections, from those which cannot: and I should no doubt agree with Mr. Flint. He has not, however, made this distinction clear, and it is the very point at issue, the positive definition which we are seeking. And if distinction exists it should be easy to demonstrate it by quoting a specimen of good prose and exposing the characteristics; any passage of fine prose should serve. I take one from Bacon:

> As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's Estate.

Or again this:

> We see in Needleworks and Embroideries, it is more pleasant to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the Heart, by the pleasure of the Eye.

I assert of these passages that they cannot be printed in short sections as free verse without damage and absurdity. Let the reader try his hand on them.

And certainly much well-written free verse, in which the lines are of varying length and rhythm, is not good prose. However irregular the lines be, they are conscious of their

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length: they pose with a sort of independence and self-sufficiency: and where the verse is most successful its cadences provoke too much of the expectancy of verse to appear so wholly free from restraint as the best prose can: and it is right enough to call it verse rather than prose. And if it is quite satisfactory—as in short poems it very well may be—it is so by virtue of the poet's sensibility to rhythmical form, and by his mastery of it; and he will so combine his rhythms that they do create expectancy as they proceed: indeed I do not doubt that a free verse poet would regard the pleasure which accompanies this satisfied expectancy, as a note of his success.

Now in so far as this free verse (or cadenced prose) actually creates this expectancy, its rhythms can no doubt be analyzed and reduced to rule. What generally satisfies the ear does so by some principle or law; and the simplest, the commonest and most pervading conditions will soon be recognized; and they would be the simplest elements of any possible reduction of all verse rhythms to one system. The writer of free verse cannot escape from this: indeed his rejection of metre is based on the recognition of rhythms: he claims for them that they are the fundamental, overruling things. He has cast off his visible chains but has not escaped into liberty. If he is a law unto himself, he is so only by unconscious obligation to a wider law to which he has appealed. But then comes the unavoidable consideration, of what nature are these effects which he is aiming at, and on which he relies? That he can rely on them implies that they are what other ears are prepared to accept, and such effects can only be the primary movements of rhythm upon which all verse has always depended, and which, on his own assumption, poets have elaborated into the perfected metrical forms which he repudiates.

If ever he become conscious of this, then the purity of his art must appear to him as a sort of protestantism, hampered by negative prescriptions and tabulated prejudices: he will be constantly engaged in deliberately avoiding reminiscences and in disguising essential similarities. And a great deal of "free verse" has been easily analyzed into the disguise of old forms.

It is open to the advocate of free verse to object to all this.

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He may repudiate expectancy and say that it is one of the things that he wishes to be rid of, and that it will not be present in free verse. On my own showing it would be a subtle and hidden quality, but none the less I doubt not of its cause or effect, and I believe that it is the force which will hold his free verse together and distinguish it from prose, and I think that free verse is good and theoretically defensible only in so far as it can create expectancy without the old metrical devices. If it fails to effect this, it seems to me but a broken jerky sort of bad prose: and the old fluent prose needs not me nor anyone else to defend it from those who would cut it to pieces and call its fragments verse.

But whether or no a free versifier repudiate expectancy, he must renounce certain other advantages of the metrical system, the value of which is so great that it is difficult to believe that they can have been duly appreciated by the men who would cast them contemptuously away.

I will describe as briefly as I can a few of the adverse conditions which must result from rejecting the metrical systems, and for sake of clearness will name four of them thus:

(1) Loss of carrying power.
(2) Self-consciousness.
(3) Sameness of line structure.
(4) Indetermination of subsidiary "accent".

First, loss of carrying power. Almost all the power that great poets like Homer and Dante have of poetizing whatever they may handle is due to their fixed prosodies. If this should be doubted, suppose the experiment of rewriting their poems so that they did not scan. It would of course be mere destruction, and observe, destruction not only of the great immortal lines where the magical concurrence of high diction with metrical form stands out in a clear configuration of beauty that makes them unforgettable and has enshrined them among the treasures of every cultured mind, but the mortar also between the stones, which is now hardly distinguishable from them, would perish and rot away, and would no longer serve to hold the fabric together. A single example will be sufficient: Dante, who was careful to open his cantos effectively, does not scruple to begin the third canto of the *Purgatory* with a piece of narrative busi-

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ness that Cary, who had no metric skill, represents in his translation by this flat and awkward line:

Them sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,

but the Italian is

Avvegnaché la subitana fuga
Dispergesse color per la campagna:

and one might almost say that the *Commedia* does not contain lines of greater dignity. The diction, rhythm and sonority are carried by the versification without a trace of pomposity or affectation; and deprived of that resource, free verse must be full of disconsolate patches, for it has no corresponding machinery to carry the subordinate matter.

Second, self-consciousness. It seems very clear to me that free verse as defined cannot be written without the appearance of self-consciousness. The conditions are these: Each line or phrase has (*ex hypothesi*) to show convincing propriety of diction and rhythm, together with other proprieties of relative length, sonority and poetic value. Now this is frankly impossible; what may conceivably be done in Gaelic, Hindustani or the languages of the Pacific Islanders, I do not know; but English was not made for it and cannot do it. The writer of free verse confronted by a thousand obstacles will, in a poem of any length, whenever his matter lacks poetic content, be at his wit's end to devise something passable; and his readers or hearers, if they be intelligent, will observe him with amusement, and he himself, being presumably intelligent, will be uncomfortably aware of the situation; for while pretending honest æsthetic rightness he will know that he is only providing ingenious makeshifts which he would have been glad to avoid.

The happy and not too rare gift of believing that whatever you choose to say must be worth saying, can indeed save a man from self-consciousness, and set his work beneath criticism.

Now this situation is created by free verse; the old metrical system was designed to obviate it, for therein the poet did not choose his form to suit every special turn and item of his matter, but adapted his matter to the exigencies of a prescribed form; and in doing this he found a further reward, because the changes

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of his matter provoked and justified all the varieties of rhythm that his metre allowed, so that their desirable irregularities came spontaneously, and his metrical form, harmonizing whatever he had to deal with, offered him endless opportunities for unexpected beauties. The metre was like a rich state uniform, robed in which any man will feel equally at ease whether walking in the gaze of a vulgar crowd, or sustaining the delicate dignity of a court ceremony.

Third, sameness of grammatical line. The identification of the line unit with the grammatical unit must limit the varieties of line-structure. This feature of the free verse is not unlike the common sense attempt of many modern song writers to identify their musical phrase with the speech rhythm of the words. I have made no examination of the practice of writers in this respect, and shall only be theorizing in the following remarks.

The grammatical forms of sentences in English are few, and must repeat themselves again and again; and each form has its proper and natural inflection of voice which, however overlaid, will impose its typical intonation on the sentence. Now if the grammatical forms are made coincident with the lines of the verse, they must impose the recurrence of their similar intonations upon the lines.

It would be easy to quote some passage of free verse which exhibited this kind of monotony, but it would be unfair because it could be matched by similar examples from metrical poems. Indeed the best metrical poetry respects the grammar so strictly that much of it complies fully with M. Dujardin's rule, and might be quoted as typical free verse, were it not for the negative rule that forbids its metre. Moreover monotony of this kind is often agreeable in itself, and sought for its special effect. None the less, one of the difficulties in writing good verse of any kind is to escape from the tyranny of these recurrent speech-forms, and the restriction imposed by the rules of free verse must make that difficulty immeasurably greater.

Since the aim and boast of free verse is that it will attain spontaneity and variety, I wonder at myself finding it in danger of self-consciousness and monotony of form.

Fourth, indetermination of subsidiary accent. Metrical verse

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has the power of determining and relating the subordinate or ambiguous accentuations in a rhythmical phrase; and the essential value of this resource seems to have been disregarded by the advocates of free verse.

A poem in metre has a predetermined organic normal scheme for its lines, and whatever their varieties of rhythm no line can be constructed without reference to its form: hence the same syllabic rhythms acquire different values according to their place in the line. The indefinable delicacy of this power over the hidden possibilities of speech is what most invites and rewards the artist in his technique, as the ignorance, neglect or abuse of it makes the chief badness of bad work. Its subtleties mock illustration, but demonstration can be simple and even commonplace. The second book of *Paradise Lost* opens thus:

> High on a Throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

These are two lines of blank verse, but they can be written as two lines of free verse thus:

> High on a Throne of royal state,
> Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Now in writing and reading them thus, the value of the word *far* is lost: it is seen that the word cannot in itself determine for itself any special value; in the free verse it is flat and dull, and one does not know what to do with it, for if it be unaccented it is useless, and if accented it is foolish. Indeed, no accentuation can restore to it what it has lost.

This one example is enough to show what is intended in this section, but another will lead further, and the passage which I quoted from my *Milton's Prosody*, to exhibit how he broke up his lines, will serve well: in *Paradise Lost*, III, 37 *seq.*:

> Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
> Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
> Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
> Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn.

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These lines are greatly admired; a critic would hardly accuse them of prosaic or dull diction. But now set them out as free verse:

> Then feed on Thoughts,
> That voluntarie move harmonious numbers;
> As the wakeful Bird sings darkling,
> And in shadiest Covert hid
> tunes her nocturnal note.
> Thus with the Year seasons return,
> But not to me returns Day,
> Or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn.

The very diction of the verses has suffered terribly. I doubt if I should have seen any merit in them had I read them thus in the free verse of a contemporary poet. If this be so it follows that diction in free verse will needs be far more exacting than the diction of metrical verse. It must be more beautiful in itself, because it has relinquished the technique of one of the main sources of its beauty.

A free versifier may welcome this situation, and say that his poetry will be the better for excluding phrases that are in themselves so little beautiful that they must borrow adventitious beauty from mechanical devices. Well and good—if he can justify himself: but language is refractory, and all technique in Art consists in devices for the mastering of obstinate material. If free verse must of its nature be more beautiful than metrical verse, let us rejoice and wait patiently. It is a case of *solvitur ambulando*, perhaps one should say *volando* or *volitando*.

I have myself made so many experiments that I cannot be suspected of wishing to discourage others. No art can flourish that is not alive and growing, and it can only grow by invention of new methods or by discovery of new material. In the art of English verse my own work has led me to think that there is a wide field for exploration in the metrical prosody, and that in carrying on Milton's inventions in the syllabic verse there is better hope of successful progress than in the technique of free verse as I understand it.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

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EVERYCHILD

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

Out of the peace and sleep of Nowhere
Everychild comes,
Pushed by the Unknowable Will
Into this perplexing world,
Forever changing
With the procession of things in Time.
Not of his own will he comes,
But decreed to be the blithe carrier
Of human dreams and aspirations.
Latent in him lies promise
Of good for his generation,
Of gifts to posterity.

He and his million brothers
Create our country,
Weave the destiny of the nation.
They are our flag.
Shall we neglect this august possession,
This Supreme Property,
Remembering only mines, forests, railways,
Crops, livestock and ships?

What do we do for Everychild?
What should we do for Everychild?

The exact food, the careful shelter,
The fresh air sunshine and wide spaces
Of sky and meadow
For frolic play and happiness,
Given without stint to the young lambs
And the young colts and the young cattle —
Let us give Everychild these!

Into his perfected body pour
The wine and ambrosia
Of goodness and truth
And love and wisdom,

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To fit him for the new world
That is to be,
For the new brotherhood of man
And the new work among new nations.
For Everychild
Let bloom the flower of opportunity!

It is not alone war,
That blood-stained Devourer,
That ravishes the garden of youth
Of joy and genius and glory;
But the unseen, insidious,
Slow despoilers of every day,
At work in the tenements,
In the mines and factories,
In the foundling hospitals,
Above all among the underfed millions
That we in our complacency
Think safe from danger in the schools.

Everychild looks at us inquiringly
From the streets,
From the many windows,
From orphan and foundling asylums,
From the factories,
From the squalid homes
And from the homeless places.
From the windows of the schools
He looks at us inquiringly,
He, the Future of the Race.

He looks at us and through us,
And far away
Into the distant future,
And sometimes in his eyes
There is hope and cheer,
And sometimes suffering and sorrow,
And sometimes reproach,
And sometimes despair.

We had best stop and look at Everychild.
He is not alone for his mother,
Not alone for his father,
But belongs to every one of us;
He is the deepest concern of us all.

What shall be done for Everychild?

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SONG OF THE BIRTH

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

K'antsamiq 'ala[1] Soē gives life.
He is the life, so comes birth.
He is the spirit, so comes being,
He is His Name— the "All-Encompassing,
Supreme Highest Praised One."
With His finger makes He the little picture on the earth;
With His breath He blesses it, smiles, and is content —
So comes a man!
Yea, a great man, mighty, kind and swift,
Is but a little picture of the Highest One
That grows from a babe: (it grows because it is of life).
So He grows also, in the making and blessing of men —
Because He is the life, never ending, never quiet,
Because He is the Strong One, the Pure Maker, never ceasing from good.
How great a thing therefore is this little birth!
Men and women of the Tribe, I am His priest and charge you:
Now comes this picture from His Hand, sacred and mystical,
See ye mar not His little picture, blest with His breath.
This is your service of thanks to Him for making you
With the life that grows.
Ask ye, wherefore the growing?
It is to reach to His height in tallness, to widen to His forehead in wisdom,
To beat with the untired strength of His great heart in loving.
So encompass ye your Tribe with smiling goodness and service;
As this mother is about her babe,
As this man about this mother,
As the waters round this land, and the stars about these waters,
As K'antsamiq 'ala Soē is about His world.

[1] *K'antsamiq 'ala Soē*=Supreme Highest Praised One; Kwakiutl Tribe, British Columbia Coast.

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FOG SHIP

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

I

Out of fog I made a ship,
A white ship, a fog ship!
I felled a dark tree on the steep,
I sent it crashing to the deep,
And now:—
A tall mast lies across her prow!

II

And for a sheet I took a fin
A giant flying fish could spin,
Silver, shining, tough and thin.
And for a lantern hung a star,
That did not light so very far
In the pale mist about my spar.

III

And for a bell I took a cry.
Above my head it swung awry,
Gave now a creak, not tolled a sigh,
As if it did not want to die.
Somehow:—
I saw her rise, I saw her dip,
A gray, green wave rolled back its lip,
Sucked down that pallid white smoke ship;
And heard a windy whine, a moan, a cry,
And saw a wraith of fog go by!

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WALTER DE LA MARE

BY ALICE LOTHIAN

THE first decade of this century was a dry season in English poetry. The full flood of Victorian verse had subsided, and the feeble trickle that survived was deflected into artificial fountains that tossed again and again in a fixed and limited arc the same few bucketfuls of water. But here and there fresh waters were springing, as inaccessible to the general reader, and as hard to trace, as the secret springs of great rivers. By 1910 Walter de la Mare had published five volumes, in prose and verse, yet few came to the well. Then followed the age of the anthologist, in which we now are. By the labors of poetry-lovers the work of contemporary poets in England and America is sought out and made known to an ever-widening circle of readers. Now recognition and maturity have come to Mr. de la Mare hand-in-hand, and readers refreshed in the first instance by the rationed sips of the anthologists, have found their way to the fountainhead.

Of one thing we may be certain: The reader who dips and sips like a water wagtail skimming over a stream will never learn the poet's secret. His will be the partial view, the ready phrase. But a living literature, like a living religion, exists that we may have life and have it more abundantly; and we cannot possess ourselves of anything worth having unless we are prepared to "launch out into the deep and let down our nets for a draught". Such work as Mr. de la Mare's was not brought to birth that it might provide a peg for a witty saying at our next literary party, nor even for articles whereby the critic may in the sweat of his brow eat bread. "Certainly that was not my mother's way" with books, comments Miss M. in *The Memoirs of a Midget*. And Henry Brocken, too, knew what authors were about when "they labored from dawn to midnight, from laborious midnight to dawn". His story, it is true, was told before Mr. Hugh Walpole had set the fashion of four hours' work a day—preferably before lunch, but on no account before breakfast.

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The people of the books are not dead. So Henry Brocken believed when he set out on his journey that blue March morning, a journey without map or sign-post save the conviction that "somewhere, in immortality serene, dwelt they whom so many had spent life in dreaming of, and writing about". As for band and banner to cheer on his solitary enterprise, what more did he need than the same poem of *Tom o'Bedlam* as was to inspire the Midget years later, to answer *her* summons to life's tourney:

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.

With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey.

Henry Brocken's journey begins placidly enough—almost, indeed, unawares. He sets off as usual for his morning ride on the old mare Rosinante. But soon we see how reading, as well as writing, may be a creative, life-giving activity. For first he meets Lucy Grey wandering in the wild; then he spends a night with Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester, in their lonely house whose air is afloat with listeners. Thence he finds his way to the Garden of the Hesperides, where he lingers for a while with Herrick's lovely ladies. Journeying on, he turns a deaf ear to the song of the Lorelei, and flees from Prince Ennui and the Sleeping Beauty's enchanted courts. Then danger comes. Gulliver's Houyhnhnms charge down upon him, and only the Yahoo's loyalty saves him from destruction. He travels on to the Inn at the World's End, where Christian's neighbors still gossip and quarrel. Leaving them behind, he comes to the shore where Annabel Lee builds sandcastles that can never be finished, unless the sea will stand still for only one day. Leaving her, and Rosinante, he rows into the night, and looks into the face of Criseyde in the Isle of Shades; and thence he journeys, on and on.

Some whom he meets would tempt him "with shelter and quiet

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to give you rest, young man, and apples for thirst withal"; and some would daunt him with doubt and despair. Jane Eyre, at the very outset, would have deterred him, not from the dangers, but from the restlessness of such a journey. "I have never wandered beyond the woods," she owns, "lest I should penetrate too far." But Henry Brocken will not be held back, for "so long as Chance does not guide me back, I care not how far forward I go". And whither? There is no fixed goal, only an endless seeking inspired by the faith that "somewhere yet, Imogen's mountains lift their chill summits into heaven; over haunted sea-sands Ariel flits; at his webbed casement next the stars Faust covets youth, till the last trump ring him out of dream."

It is no restless human itch to be elsewhere that leads the trio of *The Three Mulla Mulgars* on "through forest and river, forest, swamp and river". Little Nod and lean Thimble and fat old Thumb are comfort-loving animals, urged on by simple loyalty to their father's behest. They journey through strange scenes, described with a poet's sure grasp of the salient features of a landscape. They encounter strange and awesome creatures, the lure of magic and the menace of the unknown. They meet hardship and danger and success, with pluck and loyalty and silly vanity, just like men. But although Nod becomes deeply attached to kindly, lonesome Andy Battle, the only human being in this strange and lovely tale, flesh-eating humanity is alien and evil in Mulgar eyes. Nod, like the younger son of folk-lore, is beloved of the gods, and has the power in extremity of need to summon magic by rubbing the Wonder-stone, a pebble that tingles in his hand "like courage that steals into the mind when all else is vain". And when at last, weary and travel-worn, the Mulgars drift in their rough and narrow rafts out of the dark cavern into the sunlit valley, "the long-sought, lovely Valleys of Tishnar", Nod is overcome by a sudden weariness and loneliness and sadness, and fear of the journey that has no end; for even the Promised Land, it would seem, is but a lodging for a night.

So it ever is in Mr. de la Mare's prose, and in his verse an undertone murmurs "whither?" Although no man knows to what end, nor in what unseen company we journey, the poet sees life as a voyage of discovery, calling at every turn of the tide for the

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pioneer virtues of courage and loyalty, keen eyes to perceive facts and an honest heart to face them. That reader courts disaster who cuts himself adrift from the sheet-anchor of the normal in his haste to pursue Mr. de la Mare into his faëry-land forlorn, far from "earth's leaden track of day-by-day". For this poet of the moon-lit, shadow-haunted spaces beyond the veil never exalts the world of vision at the expense of the world of actuality. He never says, as many mystics say of the earth, that "we and all things are her dreams". If he is abnormally sensitive to impressions from a world that is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet", yet is unperceived in the bustle of everyday, he is at the same time keenly perceptive of the least of the things of time and space. He is haunted by the transience of all that men love and labor for, but, seeing life as a journey that even death does not end, he is delivered from the fret and hustle that bedevil our best-laid schemes. For life is not a commerical traveler's fevered round from telephone to taxi, from taxi to train, but a journey through eternity in which our reckoning of time is "but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night".

The poetry of *The Veil* and *The Listeners* is often sad, but never restless nor irritable; and the fantasies of *Peacock Pie* did not spring from a sombre mind, nor is the whimsical historian of *The Three Mulla Mulgars* either pessimistic or cynical.

Although Mr. de la Mare passes freely from poetry to prose, the content of his work is singularly homogeneous. His prose fills in the background of his verse; and, except for the habit of inversion which throws the emphasis of a sentence forward or retards it, in the Latin manner, his verse at its most magical is singularly free from poeticisms. No prose tale, for example, could open more straightforwardly than the poem that gives its title to *The Listeners*. "'Is there anybody there?' said the traveler, knocking on the moon-lit door. . . ." Such, written continuously as in prose, is the simple and direct approach to a theme that is enveloped in that sense of nearness to the unseen that is Mr. de la Mare's peculiar contribution to contemporary verse. He has written few narrative poems, and the longest of these, *The Three Queer Tales* in *Peacock Pie*, together barely fill a dozen pages. His poetry is almost exclusively lyrical, suggesting its own music, and

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reflecting the mood of a moment. In common with most of his contemporaries, he never subjects his verse to the strain of spinning out, developing and fixing the original inspiration which, as Shelley himself noted, is involved in the composition of a long poem. When Mr. de la Mare has occasion to develop a theme, he has recourse to "that other harmony of prose"; and from reading *The Return* or *The Memoirs of a Midget* or the exquisite tale called *The Creatures* we turn again with quickened understanding to his verse.

The theme of *The Return*, introduced in so quiet and natural a manner, is one that few writers could handle without affront to our normal instincts. Arthur Lawford, languid and moody after influenza, falls asleep on a bench in an old country churchyard, beside the grave of one Nicholas Sabatier, a French adventurer who, as the inscription tells, fell by his own hand nearly two centuries ago. In a few moments the incredible thing happens, and is conveyed to the reader, not crudely by way of statement, but by delicate, unemphatic touches that reflect Lawford's changing moods as in a mirror. We are not told in so many words that the Frenchman's spirit, seizing its opportunity, has entered into the sleeper. The immediate effect of this "possession" is to change Lawford's physical aspect. His mentality is not yet affected, except that depression has given way to a vague elation, which he attributes to convalescence. He suspects nothing until in his bedroom at home he is confronted by the strange changed face in the glass. Not until later has he to face and outface "the demands of that other feebly struggling personality which was beginning to insinuate itself into his consciousness, which had so miraculously broken in and taken possession of his body". He retains his personal identity, that indefinable something which compels his wife and friends to acknowledge him in spite of his changed appearance, but he finds that he has slipped through the palisade wrought of circumstance, ambition, duty, with which prudent men fence in their little lives. Cut off in an instant from the crowd from which he had always drawn his sanctions, he discovers—just as Nathaniel Hawthorne imagined his Mr. Wakefield to discover—that by stepping aside for a moment from his place in the world he has lost it for ever. And the story tells how

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painfully, yet with what dogged courage, he won back the right to be himself. For *The Return* is a story of action, dramatic in its intensity; it is not a series of impressions of disordered mental states, such as the aftermath of war has forced on the attention of the least curious among us. It tells of swift upheaval and slow adjustment, of conflict between personalities—between Lawford and his wife and her "discreet shocked circle", between Lawford and the intruder, Sabatier, whose "fearless, packed, daring, fascinating face, with even a spice of genius in it" encountered Lawford's gaze in the glass. As though to emphasize man's essential loneliness, Lawford's wife of twenty years cannot aid him in his strange conflict. The old vicar's belief in him is his "sheet-anchor right through"; but it is two strangers who help him most by making the issue clear.

"Truth is a wholesome medicine"—there is a hearty Victorian gusto about that sentence which suggests that Mr. de la Mare, pioneer of the Georgians, is not disposed to stop up the old well because he does not admire the design of the drinking-fountain. And if we care to look for them, we shall find that there are not a few points in common between Miss M., the heroine of *The Memoirs of a Midget*, and the heroine of Mr. Lytton Strachey's contemporary biography of Queen Victoria; for all that the Queen was the very epitome, in her small stately person, of solid English middle-class convention, while Miss M.'s "heart of furious fancies" drove her to seek the divine heritage of freedom in the ring of a traveling circus. Both were brought up in retirement, so closely guarded that they never went downstairs or wandered in the garden alone, except by favor of a servant's negligence. Both, introduced into society in the eager years of adolescence, threw themselves into the new life with consuming ardor, for a time. "There's not room enough in me for all that's there!" exclaimed Miss M. in an ecstasy, and the little Queen thrilled to every hour that unfolded itself in ever new and ravishing experiences. Each small body housed a gallant spirit, singularly sincere, pathetically loyal, game to the last ditch in defense of each one's "must". The biographers write with humorous detachment; but whereas Mr. Lytton Strachey sees men and women as essential pygmies, interesting to observe, but deliciously absurd, they are pygmies in Mr.

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de la Mare's eyes only relatively to their own boundless hopes, and to the immensities of time and space in the midst of which their little lives are set. "The smallest of bubbles I may be," thought Miss M., "but I reflected the universe." Bright-clad, valiant Miss M. on her little wooden stage may symbolize the greatness of littleness as vividly as the widowed Queen on her throne, hemmed in by duty and caste and prudery and prejudice, may betray the littleness of mortal greatness. And in time Miss M. learned "not to fret so foolishly at being small and insignificant in body; to fear a great deal more remaining pygmy-minded and pygmy-spirited".

Alone in the woods at Wanderslore under the stars, or at dawn "bathed delicately in the eastern sunshine", Miss M. felt "not so ridiculously pygmy either, even in the ladder of the world's proportion—saw-edged blade of grass, gold-cupped moss, starry stonecrop, green musky moschatel, close-packed pebble, wax-winged fly. . . ." The little is not necessarily trivial.

That death prevails over beauty by the mere passage of time is one of the most obvious lessons of life. In that lovely lyric, *The Quiet Enemy*, he writes:

> Walk in beauty. Vaunt thy rose.
> Flaunt thy transient loveliness.
> Pace by pace with thee there goes
> A shape that hath not come to bless.

There is no trace of Edgar Allan Poe's horror of "the conqueror worm", nor of his morbid preoccupation with Annabel Lee's sepulchre, or Ulalume's vault. The fact of mortality is accepted as calmly as in Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese's unaccented lines, "The dust blows up and down. . . . Tomorrow so shall I." The bitterness of death consists neither in the corruption of the body nor in dread of the unknown, but in being forgotten. But to die and even to be forgotten is not the end, for the dead, too, have their memories, the theme of so many of Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems. Mr. de la Mare speaks ever and again of unseen presences. I imagine that he would agree with Blake, who believed that ghosts "did not appear much to imaginative men, but only to common minds who did not see the finer spirits". Mr. de la Mare does not

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summon hobgoblins nor foul fiends; nor is he greatly concerned with fairies, whom Miss M., indeed, disliked and feared; nor does he aim at forming that atmosphere of apprehension which was essential to the great masters of romance, whose ghosts, as Professor Raleigh has noted, did not come uncalled for. As Poe says of "the nameless elf, . . . no power hath he of evil in himself". In Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market* the imps had no power over Laura until she had surrendered to them her desires; in *The Ancient Mariner* the supernatural is the embodiment of an unbodied fear, and in *Macbeth* the evil without is allied with the evil within. In each case the romantic poet is concerned with the effect, the thrill of fear; but Mr. de la Mare treating of the unseen is still a realist, absorbed in scrutiny of the fact.

The presences that he perceives are more often friendless than unfriendly. Sometimes, as so often in Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems, they come seeking us, intent on we know not what mystery, going away grieved if our mood estranges them. Sometimes they dwell on, "in a little green orchard" or "garden all shady". Sometimes a friendless face peers out of the casement of an empty house, or a host of phantom listeners throngs the dark stair. All about us is an unnumbered cloud of witnesses, and who are we that we should deny reality to what the bodily eye cannot see? A little poem in *Peacock Pie* puts arrogant man in his place: All but blind are mole, bat and owl,

> And blind as are
> These three to me,
> So, blind to Some-one
> I must be.

Moments of vision come when the questioning heart of man is quieted, "like a sea, silent after a storm that has died". Under the starry darkness of night, or in the still light of the moon, or in the peace of a fire-lit room at dusk, we may "cross the viewless border that divides time from eternity". The mystic seeks silence that he may hear the voice of God, but he knows that quietness of spirit comes not from without, but from within, in freedom from the clamor of desire. Even amid the clatter of the monastery kitchen Brother Lawrence could possess himself of the presence of God. There are secrets that "only the dwellers in the

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lonely know", but the poet knows too that mere empty solitude will not bring peace to a divided heart.

For we are all haunted, not only surrounded, by ghosts. "What are we?" Herbert questions in *The Return*. "So many selves, every man a horde of ghosts." To discuss the problem of personality is not the poet's affair, but always, looking on a man, he sees in him a Self, the child of time, and a Self, the child of eternity. When we are occupied with the interests of every day, one voice speaks; but in solitude or dream another voice is heard. However closely we may hem ourselves round with pomp and friends and all that St. Augustine dismisses as "the trifling occupations that grown-up people call 'business'", a day will come when we shall each one be left alone with the inward presence that slumbers not.

Modern psychology has taught us that we cannot draw a curve round the personal self. "Eternity has in some sort been set in our nature;" and while we exaggerate the importance of our temporal affairs, we at the same time minimize our vital powers. Professor William James declared that we avail ourselves of a very small share of the powers that we actually possess and could use under appropriate conditions; and these we shall learn to master, not by suppressing individuality, but by freeing it from every hindering influence or prejudice or fear. Mere orthodoxy, a flat uniformity, will carry us nowhere; *that* Lawford learnt from Sabatier; and the dreary sheepishness of average humanity, no less than its greed and cruelty, inspired Mr. Anon's bitter indictment when he and Miss M. in the forsaken woods of Wanderslore discussed people of normal size. It is only when something goes askew, so Herbert argued, that we discover to what an extent we are the slaves of mere repetition.

In a recent magazine article on *The Literature of Ecstasy* Mr. Algernon Blackwood suggests that the artist avail himself of two store houses. One of these is stocked with personal memories, which are unpacked only when required, unless deep emotion or fever or dream scatter them in disorder. The other store-house is underground, and in its depths racial, even planetary, memories lie packed away, but are accessible in rare cases to evocation.

There is a wide inward world of life and light and power into

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which poet or saint may enter in moments of vision, a world of which music or deep emotion or loveliness may bestow a glimpse. Of Music Mr. de la Mare sings:

> When music sounds, all that I was I am
> Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came.

But if these hidden impulses and memories be stirred up aimlessly, in an idle hunt for sensation, or in the spirit of morbid curiosity which betrays the hidden face of fear, we may learn the dreadfulness of those who said, "My name is Legion, for we are many." To Lawford, whose reveries were "gigantically brooded over by shapes only imagination dimly conceived of: the remote alleys of his mind astir with a ceaseless traffic which it wasn't at least *this* life's business to hearken after, or regard," Sheila and her friends discussing his "case" seemed "like little children with their twigs and pins, fishing for wonders on the brink of the unknown". He had cause to acknowledge the truth of the old vicar's saying: "Once a man strays out of the common herd, he's more likely to meet wolves than angels in the thickets." Infinitely precious to us is the veil!

ALICE LOTHIAN.

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CONSCIENCES

BY STARK YOUNG

HALF an hour out from the Piræus I went down to the steerage deck to watch the land from there and to see the people. There were all sorts of them, Arabs in white, Turks with fezzes, Albanians with their embroidered jackets and short full skirts, Greeks, Syrians, Jews and Italians; there were soldiers, tradesmen with great bales of goods on which they sat cautiously, women, peasants and priests. Near the prow an old man with a long tunic, a twisted turban on his head and a wide beard, was blowing a pipe; the stream of its shrill music seemed to lie on the sound of the water and of the light wind in the sails. At the other end of the boat they were playing the concertina, a wild, half riotous, half tragic music, and a group of men were waltzing. All these people stirred and talked and walked constantly about, smoking, drinking out of bottles that they had with them, sitting on ropes, leaning over the rails, squatting on their heels about the decks. And best of all was one old peasant woman, long past seventy, from somewhere in Asia Minor, who sat lolling against a bale of luggage made from a Turkish rug and laced about with cords. There was something very bonny and blithe about her, the little brown face wrinkled like a walnut shell, the bright black eyes, the white teeth, the finger tips stained red with henna; her chatter never leaving off, and the young soldiers gathering about her, talking, listening, laughing, and lighting for her the cigarettes which they presented and which she smoked one after another as she reclined there, holding them airily in her hand and making gestures with them as she talked. I stood watching her and the young soldiers. And as I watched, I could hear the sound of the pipe, the far-off concertina, the rich voices, the laughter, the shuffling feet, the songs here and there, against the low flap of the sails, and the wind in the rigging and the long murmuring swish of the blue water alongside.

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Meanwhile Athens faded in the soft light, sunset came on and passed; the gleaming Acropolis, with Pentelicon beyond and Lykabettos and the other mountains there, grew more and more like a dream. The pipe left off; and the old man who played it, seeing me watching him perhaps, came over to me smiling and said in broken Italian that he could write his name, if the Signore would allow him; and spelt out for me on an envelope *Sophocles Anastasiou.* There it was, he said. And then in the golden light we saw the temples of Corinth, high up to the south of the canal, bright on the barren, tawny hilltop, the wretched modern town below almost forgotten in the lengthening shadows. The temples arose, in that strange poetry that columns take with their lines against the air; they seemed far away, ageless, beautiful, solitary. There was no longer any wind and the sails had grown quieter; the water and the sails made only one low sound.

I heard a voice behind me.

"Well," it was saying, "I don't wonder St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians."

I recognized the nasal twang of him and turned to listen. A man in tweeds stood there beside a lady in tweeds, just behind me. He was pointing up toward that high summit of old Corinth, which seemed higher than ever in the fading light, and he repeated his joke with more stress.

"No, sir; I don't wonder St. Paul *wrote* to the Corinthians."

I nodded and tried to smile agreeably; after all there must have been worse jokes from travelers in Greece. He shook hands.

"So you are from the States?" he said. "Meet my wife." And then as I was about to introduce myself, he started and caught at his wife's arm, and snapped his fingers.

"*By George!*" he said, "By George!"

"What?" I asked, "what is it?"

"Nothing. *By George!* Say!" He turned on his wife. "Have you got it? Did you see what I did with it? Say—!"

"Oh, dear!" she cried; and they began tracing themselves about the harbor, to the fruit shop, the postal cards, the restaurant near the quay. I offered to help them. Could I help them? I asked. Was there anything I could do?

There was not, they answered; nothing could be done. I must

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pardon them. They had forgotten something, that was all, the lady said; they had left something.

"A piece of an antique statue," the man said; "piece of an antique statue."

An antique statue! I was very sorry. I asked about it; where they had found it; how they were getting it out of Greece, through the customs? Was it large? It was only a small thing, they replied. And from their details I concluded that they knew nothing of marbles. Forget it, they said. We passed to other subjects. He was from Brown University, he told me, and had been three years in a missionary college somewhere near Constantinople. A stocky man, under thirty, with stiff thick hair, a short nose, strong teeth and hands, and honest grey eyes, he seemed very boyish and innocent and hearty and simple as he stood there talking with that honest staccato of his and in that careless voice. His wife was a big, athletic young woman,—she was from Mount Holyoke College, he said,—with a broad, honest face also, thick braids, bright color, handsome in her way like a great oatmeal loaf, full of serious health and moral intention, piously romantic too, though a trifle heavy and dull. We talked, and I inquired about their lives there in the East, if they had felt its power, if they had known many Turks, if they meant to return. No, they had seemed rather to be back at home in America in many ways, staying there at the college with the work, the teaching and the personal contacts; so much could be done in the work by personal contact. They had had a delightful circle at the college and often very pleasant evenings together, everybody; or writing letters home. But they were of course very glad to get back again to God's country after so long. Now they were going to tour Italy on their way north; they had been saving up money for that. That's why they were coming steerage, to save for Italy. Did I know some good hotels not too dear? I named hotels and said that the steerage was more interesting, no doubt; on the upper deck there were largely tourists and business agents. They said that after all it was only one night and they liked to sleep out. After a while I wandered off to another part of the ship. "Perhaps your marble will turn up somewhere in your things," I said consolingly as I left.

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"No hope of that," the young man said; "fat chance we got!" I admired his stoical endurance.

Off Patras there was some sort of delay, two days of quarantine for a fever on board; and I had a chance to see more of the passengers. The most interesting figure among them, among the sixty or more tourists and agents in the first cabin, was a young American, a fellow of twenty, not very tall, with a pallid, yellowish, ivory-like skin, large, vague grey eyes, and loose, thick, wide lips. He belonged evidently to a party made up otherwise, except for himself and two old ladies, of college girls, under the guidance of a minister; but I never saw him with them. He used to roam about the deck with a notebook in his hand, but seemed shy and spoke to no one. But there was an air about him of some intense center of living within himself; he had a kind of misty distinction that set him apart from every one on board. I used to wonder what he could be thinking about, and if he was a genius or only a little dreamer lost in himself. There was that loose, red, full mouth; there were those brooding grey eyes with their shadows, upon that pale quiet face and its cloud of brown hair. I wondered about him. I saw him around the decks, and wondered what things they were that plunged him into such caverns of lonely thought. But he never cared to speak. And then the last night out, as we neared Brindisi, I came upon him in the smoking-room, in a corner, with a glass of Marsala in front of him and his notebook open. I sat down at one side of the table. There was no easy escape for him.

We were getting in before long, I said to him. Too bad; I had hoped he and I might have a talk.

It was two hours yet and more, he said, looking down at his glass. He had wanted to talk with me, too, but he had been afraid of me.

We laughed over that, and began. In five minutes he had become voluble. He was from Salem; he was going to Harvard next year, where he would be a freshman; he was going to do well, he knew that because he knew what he was going there for; so many men went there with nothing really planned and wasted their time. They were not serious in their thoughts.

But the notebook, I asked; was he studying here in this part of the world?

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No, no, he said; but of course being in Jerusalem had been very interesting to him because it concerned a subject very interesting to him. Something he had been studying on and thinking about a long time, for five years. And what was that? I asked.

"The Resurrection of Christ."

"What about that?"

"Well," he said, "I can prove conclusively that the account given in the Bible of the Resurrection is not true; it cannot possibly be true."

"Really?" I said, wondering.

"Absolutely." He pushed the glass and the notebook away from him and brought his palm down on the table. "Absolutely, and I can prove it to you. It's this way." He squared himself against the wall behind him. "The Bible says explicitly that Jesus was put to death on the day of the preparation, the day before their Sabbath, which was Saturday, so that makes it Friday. Doesn't it?"

I agreed to that.

"Friday. Granted. But mark this! Now, we know for a fact that the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday. Friday evening at six o'clock, to be exact. Granted. There was no time, then, for preparations for the burial of the body, since the Jews would do no more than they could help on the Sabbath. So they had to get some friend to lend his tomb to be used temporarily. That must have been the case. And who was that friend? Joseph of Arimathea. Now another thing! The Bible says the Marys stood watching from afar. The cemetery must have been a very large place; you know how they were cut into the rock, how one finds them now in these countries. Well, in this place there must have been a great number of these sepulchres or grave openings. How then could the Marys have seen in just which tomb the burial took place? And there you are!"

I remembered the beautiful account in St. Mark, of how the Marys stood watching from afar that dying figure lifted on the Cross; and how they were near when Joseph of Arimathea laid Jesus away in that new sepulchre in a garden. But it seemed useless to stop this strange argument or to break the thread that the young man was weaving so eagerly. I said only, "Go on."

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"Watching from afar," he went on. "Granted. Well, then, when they came again bringing frankincense and offerings, how could they in all that number of tombs know which was the one they sought? There must have been, as we have seen, a great many of them, say twelve hundred at least. To be conservative, say twelve hundred or a thousand tombs. The Marys had stood, say, a quarter of a mile away. Well, what must we conclude? They could not possibly have been able to find the right tomb. They had to ask someone, a caretaker perhaps, or someone's relative there looking around, who told them that He Whom they sought was not there. They evidently thought the person was an angel, which was natural enough in their excitement. It frequently happens."

"What frequently happens?"

"That people think things when they are excited. Don't you grant that? I can prove it to you."

"Certainly," I said.

"And so this proves that the account of the Resurrection cannot be true. And I've read every commentary on the subject. I've thought about it for years. I've always been interested in religion, had ancestors that were. I know all the arguments. But they won't stand. Every Sunday when I'm in church I think of this and have all I can do not to get up and debate with the minister. But if I did that my old man would die. He's a family friend, that's why I'm on this tour with him. But I could prove it to him."

His eyes were blazing. The pale brow was flushed, a vein stood out; I could see its throbbing. I tried to shift the subject a little, by teasing him on his consistency.

"But then in this case," I said, "if you believe as you do about the Resurrection and discard all that part of the Bible as you do, how can you consider yourself a Christian and go to church?"

"I don't know. Like the form of it, I suppose. It's a good place to sit and think. And I like music."

"But if you feel that your argument is so important, I should think you would have to stand by your convictions."

"Habit, I guess," he said.

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"Well," I said, "it's very hard to understand how you can combine all this."

He shrugged his shoulders, and I added teasingly, and trying to make the point fantastically, which after all seemed the kindest way out,

"Suppose you firmly believed that we should all have our teeth pulled out. Had proved this completely to yourself. And yet you went on keeping your teeth in because the people around you believed in having teeth—"

But his eyes lit up again. He brought his fist down with a bang on the table.

"Take the modern teeth," he burst out; "what are they? Are they any good? Are they not degenerating steadily? How many people, tell me, do you see with good sound teeth? Not these days. And yet we all know how much the health depends on having good teeth, don't we?"

It seemed too much to believe. I was overwhelmed. The young man went on, sitting straight up, making points against hot breads, hot drinks, modern nerves, tooth brushes, modern haste. Ten minutes at least had passed before he was interrupted by the professor from the missionary college, who came rushing into the room and up to me. He was unshorn and battered, for the three days instead of the one expected in the steerage had been hard on him.

"I've been looking for you all over the place," he said. "Look, we're about to land. See the light out there? The houses? Brindisi. Wanted to say good-bye. My wife asked me to say good-bye for her too. We're off for Rome."

The Salem youth had hurried away to find his party, and the two of us left now went outside on the deck.

But it was so late, Signori, they were explaining to the passengers, that after all we could not land, and must lie at anchor till the port officials came down in the morning and admitted us.

And so I stood there resting my elbows on the rail and thinking how this was the ancient harbor of the stag's head, the Brentesion of the Greeks, the Brundisium of the Romans, whose Appian Way led down to it, where the embarcations for the East were made, where Pompey withstood Cæsar for so long a

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siege, where St. Paul landed, and Virgil died, and a thousand years later the Crusaders gathered. The quays were deserted now, save for a group of workmen and, in the shadow of a pile of shipping, an old man and a boy, squatting on their heels. It was a breathless summer night; the white houses and piazzas of the town lay scattered in gleaming squares and spaces of black shadows, the squares of white dropping away and growing smaller and whiter as they went into the low hills of the country round. There were lights in the taverns along down the water front, from the Hotel Internationale, from a house now and then over the town and now and then a street lamp, but very few. In a garden here and there black cypresses stood up; I could see the faint motion of them in the low wind, on which the smell of wine lees drifted to me. And then the old man, when he learned that there were passengers stirring on the deck, rose and came forward to the edge of the water, leaning on a staff and the boy leading him, and began to sing.

O bella Rosalia, la mia fanciulla!

he sang, standing on the stones that at this hour were silent and so white in the summer moonlight, sweeping his guitar and calling some mad passion that he knew into his faded voice. A sailor down near the prow began to sing also, the same song, and the crowd there to curse at him and laugh and applaud, and the two voices rose with a strange, solitary brightness together. The sea had grown stiller than the white town. Time and the world seemed about me everywhere; and through them the water, the light, the silence and the wind seemed to pass.

My companion leaned over toward me and shook my hand.

"Look," he said, "good-bye. And what I really want to say is that there wasn't any antique statue about it. What we left behind was a cold chicken. A cold roast chicken we had bought for lunch on board. Don't want to be telling you a lie."

STARK YOUNG.

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PROSPECTING FOR INTELLIGENCE

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

It is one of the oddly humorous twists of our times that few articles on the subject of education are written by those engaged in the process. They are for the most part mutely inglorious, and permit the field to be occupied by those who are entirely on the outside, or those engaged in the administrative end, which, as every teacher knows, is an utterly different thing from the factual life of the schoolroom. Of a dozen recent pronunciamentos, but one was by a teacher, and she had to put her material in the form of an allegory, or thought she did. Yet it is well to hear from all sides, and perhaps not last from those upon whom the burden and heat of the day is cast. Perhaps they may have something to say for the enlightenment of the nations which at least has the merit of experience back of it.

Consider the Teacher. She—the pronoun feminine is so well-nigh universally applicable that by custom it has become a fixed epithet—lives in a world wherein she is expected to mould minds and manners, morals and memories, teaching everything from an appreciation of art to the practice of the art of the daily bath. For material she has the sons and daughters of those who may or may not be in the habit of saying, "My mind to me a kingdom is," but in either case she knows it is a kingdom whose royalty is largely in exile. Yet she is the target of every business man, every journalist, every college professor, who wants to know why she cannot turn out a product possessing at least average intelligence.

Now average, ordinary intelligence is about the rarest thing in the world. The really intelligent are the most misunderstood of men. To make a child intelligent is to doom him or her to life-long solitude, to render him the object of hatred of ninety-nine per cent of his fellows, perhaps in the end to meet the fate now handed out to the Russians of that order by the Bolshevist

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mob. Is therefore, the cultivation of intelligence really desirable? Go to any meeting of a Chamber of Commerce, or associated manufacturers in any given industry, and listen to the unbelievably funny remarks made. The intelligent men present are like "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff", and as a rule are shelved as hopelessly impracticable, by their fellows. I listened to an eminent financier, once, at a meeting of supposedly leading men, and watched the weariness grow on his face, as he patiently answered their questions, questions so absurd that one marvelled at the temerity of the proponents. Yet I happened to know that among the number were two or three who were on the school-boards of their respective towns, and without doubt considered themselves highly competent in educational affairs.

Of course that brings up the question of definition. What is intelligence? Mr. Edison has been setting himself up of late as the court of last resort, by means of a series of questions, whose correct answers will enable one to qualify. The active men and women who sell books guaranteed to reach the same goal by an expenditure of fifteen paltry minutes a day, base their arguments on the same principle. An enterprising magazine advertises to produce results by keeping you abreast of the latest revues, post-futurist art, symphonic jazz, and advance tips on styles to be worn in the next century.

Exponents of "old-fashioned" ways place intelligence in due acquaintance with the classics; their more modernistic confrères demand an acquaintance with English literature, a reading knowledge of another modern tongue, and a bowing familiarity at least, with the King James Bible. The scientific and vocational education advocates on the other hand, think anyone can do very well who can figure, read a set of blue-prints, and understand a little chemistry.

As you read, I am sure you recall many who measure up to all these requirements, yet whom you would never think of entrusting with a "message to Garcia". To how many of your acquaintance would you confide an important task, existing in your own ideas only, and expect them to have the imagination to grasp and carry out what you had planned? In the words of Poor Richard, if you want a thing done, do it yourself.

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Can we teach intelligence? Not if we do not possess it. We are in a welter of new and pseudo-new educational theories. Clichés like "education for authority", and "mastery of the arts of life", undefined and indefinable, hardly understood by their *defensores fidei*, abound and abut on the regions of our minds, like Paddy's goat. On analysis, most of them resolve into ways of making money and yet more money, and are clearly schemes for the super-child. We are beset by counsels of perfection, to be applied to our school system, state control, junior high schools, departmental work in the grades, pre-vocational classes, special classes for the mentally deficient and super-bright, intelligence tests instead of examinations, etc. The latter seems a bit hard, to examine for a thing which is not on the curriculum!

At the same time, communities are beset to spend money for new and finer buildings, and the nation is hounded for the same end. To what purpose, after all, unless we can be surer of results than we have attained in the past, from the immense sums which have been spent? Another element would abolish the private school, and force democracy, which evidently cannot be trusted to the mass of the citizenry, in their opinion. Yet the number and variety of private schools has increased by leaps and bounds. There must be something behind such a movement besides swollen spending ability.

And there is. What is needed is more special schools, not fewer. If one venture to say it, more class education, not less. Mass education, such as we have suffered under for three generations, can in its nature not educate anyone. It is designed for someone who does not exist, the Average Child. Therefore it meets no actual need, hits nothing squarely, hence is the quintessence of inefficiency. We have scholastic indigestion, in this country, for we have been trying to feed each mind with a stock ration, built on theory. And it is poor business trying out unproved theories on plastic human intelligences.

I use the word *intelligences* advisedly. Any teacher, herself worthy of the name, has had perforce to see intelligence warped and well-nigh destroyed, by processes before which she was helpless, caught in the cogs of a system which was as stupid and unintelligent as systems usually are. The Infinite Intelligence

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which created us made no two on the same model—a very small smattering of biology confirms that—and it is appallingly crass to think such a matter as training the individual mind can be done by mass processes.

It is the fashion of the day to confound education with much knowledge from the world of books. But many highly bookish persons are most unintelligent, outside of the special field they cultivate intensively. Of course that is by no means a condemnation of knowledge gained from books, but merely a suggestion that it touches but one side of the problem. A book—the same book—may serve to deaden the intelligence of everyone in the class, or it may awaken the imagination, the informing agent of intelligence. Two teachers, side by side, wrestling with the rudiments of Latin, will, the one send half the class out of school by the end of the year, the other have a phalanx ready to march on conquerors of every difficulty which may beset them in life. There was once a girl, a bright child, led on to high school with much effort, by her Sunday-school teacher, for the child came of illiterate parents. She had gone inspired with a desire to prepare herself for college, but struck on the rock of Latin paradigms. Ready to leave school and hunt a job, she went to see her old Sunday-school teacher, to tell with actual regret that she could not make the grade. But her friend was a wise woman. She did not waste time arguing the financial advantages of a college degree over a job to be obtained by a discouraged fifteen-year-old girl, but merely reached across her desk for a friendly blue Teubner Virgil, and began to read to the girl, here and there, in Latin or English as the mood struck her, adding bits of information about *Sortes Virgilianæ*, the place of Virgil in the Middle Ages, and finally the *Fourth Eclogue* and its story. Together they translated it, word for word. Other choice bits followed, from Horace and Martial to Lucretius; from the Vulgate Gospels to some of the stately Latin hymns, familiar to the girl in their English versions. She went away, her resolution to leave school gone. In a test a week later she made an A grade, nor did she ever fall below thereafter. Her teacher said she had decided to get down to business. When it was suggested that the Latin class might like to know something more than the dry bones of

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what they were studying, the teacher was shocked, and feared to cast pearls before swine.

Of course, for the first time in her life, Latin became a living reality to the girl, a language in which men had written wise and lovely or gay and witty thoughts. The drudgery of the present was lost in the vision of days to come, when the possession of the Latin tongue was to be a gateway to a land of delight. There is no other reason for struggles with grammar and paradigms. The drill theory of education was invented to cover up the massive stupidity of poor teaching.

An intelligent system is a contradiction in terms. A system is a poor substitute for a dying reality. The more system, the worse teaching. No one can do good work under a perpetual espionage. It is the *raison d'être* of inspectors to find fault and to alter, in order to justify their salaries. That is only human nature, but it is death to constructive teaching. A really able teacher will do one of two things, get out of teaching permanently, or leave for some place where she can breathe. And worst of all is the oft-seen plan whereby inspection and superintendency are committed to raw youths just out of college, or ponderous "educators" who never taught a class in their lives, and could not to save their souls. No wonder the teaching profession does not hold long those who enter it. I remember an illuminating experience in my own early days of public school employment. There was a handsome young specimen of the masculine persuasion arriving at the same time as myself. I had little faith in men teachers, remembering the conditions in my school days, when we ran over the men teachers pretty much at will. I found this person was to have a room next to my own, which increased my dismay. As the year wore on, and I found it often necessary to keep order not only in my room, but in his, I liked his neighborhood still less. He had an aggravating trick of departing for the library when matters got too warm, knowing that in self-defense someone would come in and reduce his hoodlums to subjection. Needless to say, he was not re-engaged at the end of the year; but he promptly got a place as superintendent of schools in a town not very far away. Picture the humiliation of soul at being obliged to take directions from such a creature!

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It is a singular fact, occasionally seen by shrewd observers, that the most autocratically ruled institution is the so-called democratic public school. The whole motivation is fear, inevitable in a system, indeed. The fear motif has many ramifications. Offered a well-equipped and a mediocre teacher, the superintendent will, in nine cases out of ten, hire the mediocre, lest the abler woman "have ideas", and be difficult to handle. I sat in an agency office, a while ago, and listened to the comments of superintendents consulting with the head about prospective teachers. Not once did I hear teaching ability mentioned.

In the same office, some years before, I was offered a place to teach Spanish, not because I know the language, for I do not, but because they needed a good disciplinarian, and Spanish happened to be the vacant subject. Although I protested I could not teach a language I had never studied, they offered additional salary as an inducement to take the post! On the whole, the public gets about as good schools as it demands.

Can a teacher teach intelligence? Formally, no; informally, most assuredly. But we must have a change of heart in the matter of what constitutes education. The bane of the schools today is ideas. The superior teacher is afraid to show her real ability, lest she rouse the jealousy of someone, very likely the superintendent or inspector, and be forced to make personal research into the problem of unemployment. The woman who would hold her job is the one who sticks most closely to the schedule and the inspired dicta of the superintendent, no matter what Juggernaut such a course may prove to the helpless and hapless children thus sacrificed to stupidity. If she cannot make such a compromise with her conscience, she must go into business or private school teaching. We need a revision of our school system which will place the emphasis upon the teacher, if a system we must have. The buildings may be but long sheds, and the seats but pine planks, but we shall have a better school.

The Mark Hopkins Little Red Schoolhouse idea, says a nervous superintendent. Very fine indeed, save that to-day we have to watch out for the Little Red School teacher. Even so, and one of the reasons that we have the Little Red School teacher with us today is because we have made the schoolroom next to

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impossible for the teacher who is true blue; because at the same time we have made her blue over the chilling officialdom which insists upon adapting the child to the Procrustean bed of the System.

It isn't hard to teach children to think, if they are not mentally deficient. It is harder to keep them from thinking, which is the reason why discipline is such a terror to some. Even the average stupid child will instal a self-starter, if he finds he can use it. There must be a teacher behind the desk who thinks, however, and such a one always finds that discipline takes care of itself. She gets the reputation of being a "cracker-jack disciplinarian", to quote the oddly incongruous description I once heard, without realizing herself just why or how. But the children know. They probably call her by some disrespectful nickname, the infant equivalent of "dead game sport," and adore her.

What is teaching children to think? What is the thought-process anyway? Roughly, it is the ability to observe, to analyze and synthesize, and to draw conclusions, as a basis of judgment and action. The popular and long-tried method is trial and error. Children inherit an aptitude for thinking, due to the fairly many generations since the human animal first distinguished himself by the process. But like many other aptitudes, it may be nurtured or suppressed by the environment. The ceasless questioning of the child is proof that the thinking-process is alive and functioning. The person who has ceased to question is dying at the top.

I sometimes think of the child mind as a jungle, a luxuriant growth of tangled woods and vines. Beautiful things may come out of it, or noxious. It is pathless, disorderly, and the teacher's function is to find the way in, clear away the rank growths, and let the rare and lovely plants have an opportunity to thrive under the vivifying light of the sun. But the blooms to be found are often very delicate, and need gentle handling. Alas, that there are those who ruthlessly enter to destroy, on the specious plea that so is the child better fitted for life! The contrary is in fact true, for then the child faces life with his one precious gift, his touchstone of beauty, his shield of truth, gone.

How find the road thither? I cannot pretend to tell. It

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must be sought, patiently, lovingly, eagerly. For a group of young hoodlums it was the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. For freckled, stubby George, son of a city laborer, it was architecture. For Fred, over-running with energy, getting into a fight a day, and hence in perpetual really undeserved hot water, it was a study of birds. For Ben, rapidly developing into a lounge lizard from unwise parental affection and indulgence, it was the tale of English chivalry and valor, from the days of the Round Table on. (I saw, the other day, the memorial erected to his memory, by the town that once prophesied his downfall, for he gave his young life defending those Anglo-Saxon liberties we studied that eventful year.) And all of these were in a class assigned to English History, but under a wise and far-sighted superintendent, really devoted to teaching children. It does not matter what the subject may be, it is the object which counts.

We Americans want to do things in the mass. But that is the way of the mob. It is the unthinking way, it stupefies intelligence, it places the premium upon sheer force and weight, not delicacy and finesse. We are big and rather unwieldy, and we push forward by the momentum of inertia too often. That is why we have not assimilated our later foreign-born as we should. Our immigration troubles are due to this very flair for bigness, to the tendency to submerge the individual in the type or race. So we breed hurts, and discontents, and injustices. *Divide et impera* is still the way to conquer our difficulties. The undigested masses in the body politic must be broken up, that they may pass on their way into the blood and fibre of the nation. The teaching of each new generation is of course the business of the schools. But we must realize that men's souls are not cut from the same patterns.

We must simplify our total scheme, keep it as free as local conditions demand. We must realize that the true democracy is not contained in mass education, which provides opportunity only for the few whom it happens to fit, but in class education, which is adaptable, flexible, and able to give opportunity to each phase of human intelligence. John was up in police court, one day. I telephoned to the judge to see what could be done about it, for John was a bright enough lad, and not inclined to make mis-

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chief. To tell the truth, the school work was too easy for him. He had too much time out of doors, and no one to guide it. His parents were well-meaning, hard-working people, nothing versed in the kind of life surrounding John. He was paroled in my custody, and I began to look into the matter of what the town had to offer a boy like him. Absolutely nothing. He would have liked to study chemistry and mechanical drawing, but those subjects were the property of boys who were going to college. The only course offering a livelihood at the end was the commercial course; and John's fingers were already several sizes too big for the keys of a typewriter! I didn't wonder that he felt the whole thing was piffling folly. I committed the educational heresy of deciding that more schooling was not to John's advantage, and found him an apprenticeship. Not that John could not have used more schooling, but the town had decided that all its children who must earn their own living should do so as stenographers and clerks. What utter folly, and what a wild disorganization of the labor market if something had not intervened! But did the public school give John the fair, equal chance that was his right as a citizen of a democracy? Did it give him a chance to develop what intelligence he had? No; it said, Take this or nothing. If it doesn't suit the kind of a brain the Lord gave you, that is not our fault.

We boast of being an educated people, but it is a foolish and an idle word, for which we need much mercy. The real need is a wholesale pruning and weeding of our school systems, beginning at the top, and a complete recasting in a truly democratic fashion, to meet real and not theoretic needs. And coördinate with such a reform is letting teachers teach. If they can not teach, they should go elsewhere, but they should be given every chance, and be the real backbone of the schools, instead of as at present the hirelings of the Board of Education. And as such a programme is too stupendous for even such a wealthy country as ours, let us have the good sense to welcome all private aid, for whatever class or craft it comes. There is no need to fear snobbishness or undue exclusiveness. If there seems to be a trace, life takes it out of most adults, with neatness and dispatch. The women who once cherished and practiced it are forgetting it in the new

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fascination of cöoperating with their sisters in municipal housekeeping, and its doom will soon be sealed. It can only subsist by ignorance.

Prospecting for intelligence is great fun, and there are many more claims than we sometimes pessimistically guess. But a lot of them are passed over, because the searcher does not know how to uncover them, and a lot more never come to anything because there is no capital or skill for their proper development. That is why so many private schools exist, to meet the need we see but hardly understand. That is why too they have so much the superior teachers and hence teaching, for in them a capable teacher can actually teach, without fear of let or favor. The text-book teacher, bound by rule and rote, is a product of an iron-clad régime, and can rise no higher than her source. The true pedagogue is a child leader, not a child driver. To such a one the classroom is an adventure, a thrilling quest for gold, in company with those yet clear eyed and unspoiled of earth.

The pity of it is that every child cannot be one of a like goodly company. If evolution be indeed the passage from homogeneity to heterogeneity, the public school as we have it is a retrogression, for it aims at taking minds biologically and spiritually variant as the stars in heaven, and turning them out as near a uniform product as is humanly possible. Free education is not to be interpreted in a financial sense only, it must be free to create, to vivify, to guide, and last of all, to inform, that precious entity, the mind of the child. Only thus indeed can we make our civilization safe for democracy, for an unthinking democracy forms an easy prey to the unscrupulous demagague, and the cruelty of the mob. Variety, dietetic experts tell us, is not only the spice of life; it is absolutely necessary to physical health. It is quite as necessary to mental health, and hence to national well-being. We must uncoil this monster of mediocrity and unintelligence which is fastening itself with ever more ponderous ineptitude upon the most vital spring of the life and promise of our civilization.

CAROLINE E. MACGILL.

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"THE ODD WOMEN" AND "THE GIRLS"

BY MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, George Gissing found material for one of his sombre, reflective novels in the spectacle of the unmarried women of his time. "Odd women" he called them; and faced with stern reality the problem they constituted in the social order. Other novelists of that late Victorian day of course denied the existence of the tribe. Their stories were still concerned with the female who caught a man and therefore ceased to be odd. An occasional spinster aunt might fill in a corner of the picture, to be taken when needed, as a corrective to the studied sweetness of the love-making of the time. She sat there, wistful and unfulfilled, an effective foil to the triumphant, man-protected heroine. And always dependent on the bounty of others.

We accept, even now in this rebellious day, strangling conditions under which we live, as if they were inflexible, unchangeable. Such was the attitude toward women's industrial and political relations. Up to a later date than one cares to mention these vital matters were not subjects for polite conversation or entertaining literature. Woman's chief importance was as an emotional stimulus, or quietus, as the case might be. But George Gissing, being troubled about many things, found time to be troubled about this also, and *The Odd Women* was the result.

At the time of its issue I was not reading such novels. Something like Louisa Alcott and Tennyson was gradually driving out the doll-complex, and so I have no means of judging whether his courageous handling of the problem aroused any interest. Probably not. The only "problem" which even now really carries a play or a novel is an erotic problem. Yet this old copy is well-worn and much-repaired.

It reads with an air of unreality today. Is there anywhere a Dr. Madden who could bring six daughters into the world with no provision for their future, yet feel all the while that "the thought

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of his girls having to work for money was so utterly repulsive to him that he could never seriously dwell upon it. A vague piety supported his courage. Providence would not deal harshly with him and his dear ones"? Of course Providence in those days, just as in these, had no time to deal gently with everyone, and equally of course, when the sturdy oak, Dr. Madden, is felled by an accident, the clinging Madden daughters in their various ways become practically a charge upon society. There are other ways of becoming a charge upon society than by merely occupying space in an eleemosynary institution. Monica Madden escapes into marriage. It was considered an escape in those simpler days.

Well, *nous avons changé tout cela.* One can sigh with relief and amusement at such old-fashioned attitudes toward life. Does Gissing, who pleaded with such half-hearted boldness for woman's right to some sort of adequate preparation for her industrial, social, psychic relationships in the world, know now what steps have been taken along the way? Women have gained the suffrage. There is no longer any question, in any stratum of society, of their right to enter industry in practically any form they choose. Even "ladies", not driven by economic necessity, take a "job" and continue their work through all the vicissitudes of marriage and motherhood. Marriage is assuming a more or less tentative character, and even in its most rigorous form is mitigated by great concessions to individuality. And when a novel is written on the subject of single women it is called *The Girls* instead of *The Odd Women.* In that title is a quarter of a century's social history.

If he could have looked forward twenty-five or more years, Gissing would naturally have expected that the social order of 1921 would have arrived at some understanding of such an ever-recurrent problem. How it would surprise him to read Edna Ferber's *The Girls!* Fortunately it would entertain him, too, and that is pleasant to think of, for Gissing took no phase of life lightly, and to worry about women in the abstract was almost more disintegrating than to worry about them in the concrete.

The tragedy of *The Odd Women* haunted me vaguely for many years. It seemed so numbing, so futile, so inescapable. In *The Girls* their tragedy is no longer futile, it is no longer dull, for the modern spirit takes most of its experiences, its minor joys and its

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major woes, with a sort of mocking insouciance which is charming as well as psychically healthful. But are the problems escapable?

Well, the conditions that made the tragedy of Aunt Charlotte's fruitless life have probably disappeared forever. Girls are not considered unfit for sober marriage because of a sudden display of emotion over a lover socially impossible, nor do parents clap on metaphorical strait-jackets for life as a punishment for such conduct. Society to some extent still expects the unmarried daughter to render herself "a ready and acceptable sacrifice" to the home. Lottie, Aunt Charlotte's niece, thirty-five at the outbreak of the war, who had helped her mother keep house for so many fruitless years, doing errands which efficient organization of the mechanics of living would have rendered unnecessary, is still a familiar figure. Lottie's way of escape, via the war, from her aunt's desiccated futility, is as yet "simply not done", as the English say. In her case, the vast storm of war obliterated the traces of what is still considered unsocial conduct, and saved her from the great price the world still exacts for such individual freedom. The war, however, makes this a case of "special pleading", and so Lottie's answer is no solution. We can not have world wars just to cover up lapses from the social code.

And then there is Charley, the third generation of the modern odd woman. It is Charley who really reveals the full force of this problem. It is actually inescapable, not one of those comparatively happy difficulties which time and the slow accretions of social commonsense will finally obliterate. For Charley has as a matter of course advantages which would have seemed millennial to the Madden girls. She has business training and takes a "job" despite her comfortable circumstances, with the full coöperation of both parents. She has their cheerful consent to her love for a youthful poet thoroughly unfit from the Madden point of view, since he is the son of a delicatessen storekeeper. And all the love-making of these two children of their time is marked by a sane, frank, wholesome freedom which is like the wind over heather on a sunny day. What a contrast here to the fetid formality, the ancient male jealousies and egotisms, of poor Monica Madden's courtship. The inconceivable propriety of demeanor of her and her sisters! It was the fruit, no doubt, of that charming inclina-

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tion to believe the worst, that deep suspicion of human nature which characterized the Early, Mid, and even Late Victorian. Other epochs, to be sure, have not been free from it, as witness the delightful rule of evidence, which assumes that if two people are left alone together, they just naturally sin.

But Charley loses her lover, even as Lottie. That of course changes the direction of her life for a while at least, though it does not blight it utterly as it would once, and the book stops before any further development of her destiny. There is no fear for her, however, as for the female adrift in other days. Courage, truth, and training are sufficient weapons in any battle.

The inescapable, irreducible minimum of the question, then, might be summed up in this. No advantages of training or progress can alter the fact that an odd woman of any era is first of all and after all only a human being. Poor gloomy Gissing evidently felt that she could be neatly ticketed, her special problems carefully catalogued, and then economic training with its independence of matrimony would solve all her troubles. But woman is an economic unit, not merely a marriageable female specimen. Lack of training for the odd women made them a burden on society and intensified their unhappiness. Yet sufficient preparation for life for the girls does not of itself assure them economic stability and happiness. All over the world there is a lack of jobs for self-dependent women. Jobs and husbands are both uncertain, and the longed-for political enfranchisement has shrunken from a panacea to a mere political right. It is easy to blame the war, but it is time to cease regarding wars as if they were great natural destructive forces like tornadoes and lightning. They are as preventable as any other plague. There is a larger problem here. What is the use of training anyone, man or woman, unless there is some intelligent, scientific grappling with the causes of unemployment?

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that the woman who might have written *The Odd Men* and didn't will be followed by some man who will write *The Boys*.

MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN.

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A MAN OF MYSTERY

BY SELDEN PEABODY DELANY

THE youth of America has for many decades been nurtured under the spell of certain widely acknowledged ideals. At least that has been true of those of our young people who are indigenous to the soil and proceed from American stock. They have been taught to regard with the utmost esteem those heroic individuals who in the early part of the seventeenth century fled from the tyrannical authorities of Europe to found communities of free men in the American wilderness. Especially have they been encouraged to venerate the founders of the New England colonies, who planted in this new world the Puritan traditions of self-government, strictness of life, and the right to practice their religion in their own way, untrammelled by the pronouncements of an Established Church. To them we largely owe our prevalent ideals: self-reliance, democracy, religious freedom, popular education, simplicity of life, utilitarian morality, and so forth.

Whose heart does not expand as he recalls the conspicuous leaders of revolutionary days, men like Putnam, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Hamilton and Washington? We fondly imagine that they were compacted of different clay from the rest of the human race. As we pick our way along the narrow, tortuous streets of old Boston, do we not feel that our feet are treading on holy ground; or, as we visit Faneuil Hall or the Old South Church for the first time, that we have penetrated to the innermost sanctuaries of American liberties? The old families of Boston embody for us the most enviable social standards, as representing the supreme type of American culture. To be born with such a name, we would suppose, is to be presented with a key which will unlock every door worth entering. If on such an inheritance be superimposed the refinement and breadth and detachment that are alleged to be acquired through a Harvard education, there is little left to be desired in this world, unless it

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be a Unitarian religious consciousness with its restrained enthusiasms and liberal attitude toward modern thought.

Perhaps no one man has summed up in himself the dominant ideals of this generation of Americans more completely than Henry Adams. He was in the direct line of succession of one of the most able and distinguished families of American history. Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams—what better ancestral stuff could any American boy desire? He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard. He was on terms of intimate acquaintance or kinship with most of the social, political and intellectual leaders of New England, as he later became through his residence in Washington with the political leaders of the nation. During the troublous years of the Civil War he served as private secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, when that statesman was our Minister to England. In this way he had the enviable opportunity of knowing intimately many of the most influential figures in contemporary European history. Thus Henry Adams became not only the most favored and finished product of the American tradition; he was also one of the most characteristic representatives of our modern English-speaking civilization. In his personality, and in the successive episodes of his varied career, he exhibited to a superlative degree its distinctive brand of social cultivation, its inherited tastes and prejudices, its intellectual sympathies, its political tendencies, and its philosophical and religious attitude.

Do we wish to ascertain whether this civilization of which we are a living part is tending upward or downward; whether the attainment of the ends for which most of our fellow men are striving will satisfy the human spirit; whether we should accept the popular dictum that the present century is the apex of human progress; whether there is adequate reason for believing in the idea of human progress at all; whether the Protestant revolt in the sixteenth century against the authority of the Catholic Church has yielded beneficial results for humanity; whether our moral standards, educational methods, and artistic achievements have surpassed those of the Middle Ages; or whether democratic government has on the whole led to an increase in

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human happiness and effectiveness? The best way to answer such questions as these is to ask Henry Adams. He knows, for he sounded to its depths our modern British-American culture. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the best that we have been able to produce in art, literature, politics and social life. Moreover, by virtue of his wide and leisurely reading and his unusual opportunities of travel, he was thoroughly qualified to compare our attainments with those of earlier centuries. What, then, was his mature judgment upon the ideals and traditions which he inherited? What was the ultimate result of his "education", as he was wont to describe his life?

It can hardly be said that he has proclaimed his conclusions in no uncertain terms. However exhaustive may be our study of the writings of Henry Adams, there remains about him a considerable element of mystery. Perhaps much of our uncertainty as to his teaching arises from the fact that he arrived at his final synthesis very late in life. Long as was his allotted span of life,—he had just passed his eightieth birthday when he vanished from the earthly scene,—he nevertheless did not live long enough to state his inductions in a coherent and final system of thought. It is not difficult, however, for the most cursory reader of his writings to ascertain the direction in which his thought was inevitably leading him. In spite of the long years of mysterious silence from what he called his "failure" in 1871, when his education was ended, until 1891 when his life was complete; in spite of many perplexing passages; in spite of frequent lapses from the "height of knowledge" to the "abyss of ignorance"—it does not require unusual discernment to perceive the goal toward which he was straining in his declining years.

For these purposes we need not concern ourselves with his earlier essays and articles on economic and scientific subjects, nor with his editorship of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, nor even with his voluminous *History of the United States*, which deals exhaustively with the period from 1801 to 1817. We need not linger over his too brief career as Professor of History at Harvard in the early 'seventies. His mature judgment was that he had not accomplished conspicuous results in any of these positions. He tells us characteristically in his *Education:* "Thus it turned

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out that of all his many educations, Adams thought that of schoolteacher the thinnest. Yet he was forced to admit that the education of an editor, in some ways, was thinner still."

The writings which will throw most light on the ultimate trend of Henry Adams's thinking were the fruitage of his later years: *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*, privately printed in 1904; and *The Education of Henry Adams*, privately printed in 1906. He brought these out privately with a view to revising them thoroughly after they had been evaluated and criticized by his more discriminating friends. Henry Adams was nothing if not humble-minded. Unfortunately, however, his literary labors came to an end before these revisions could be completed. To a lesser extent we should consult *A Letter to American Teachers* (1910), which was recently published along with several other papers by his brother, Brooks Adams, in a volume entitled *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. We shall also find interesting and valuable information in *Letters to a Niece*, published with a memoir by Mabel La Farge in 1920. This volume also contains those striking and significant verses entitled *The Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*, which were discovered after his death in a little wallet of private papers.

Although *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres* was published before *The Education of Henry Adams*, it is desirable to read the *Education* first, as it gives us a more complete portrait of Henry Adams as a man and enables us the better to appraise his attitude towards contemporary civilization. The *Education* gives one at first a distinctly chaotic impression, as of a man who has labored in vain at variegated tasks, and through some perverse wrong-headedness has found it impossible to adapt himself to his environment. Here was a man with an enviable inheritance and unequalled opportunities, a man in whose mind and character were interwoven many of the finest American strains; yet he turned away from it all with a decisive gesture of rejection, and preferred to sojourn in France, pottering about among the artistic and literary remains of the thirteenth century. It is not surprising that *The Education of Henry Adams* has puzzled even its most discriminating readers. The book has enjoyed an unusually large sale for a serious literary effort, and for two years

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after its publication it was the most widely read among non-fiction works in every section of the United States. The drawing-room criticism of the book has been that Adams was a crabbed, eccentric old man, who grew more crotchety and queer and sardonic with the passing years, although it is universally admitted that he expressed his revolutionary opinions in a forceful and gripping literary style. He could not, it was commonly assumed, be taken seriously, because he displayed a heartless contempt for many of our most cherished American institutions and ideals. That in itself to most Americans would argue a regrettable perversity if not a positively psychopathic state of mind.

Henry Adams has told us that he mentally called this work a *Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity*. It was apparently intended to be chaotic, like our twentieth century civilization. It sets forth the amazing and intricate by-paths through which modern man must tread his way in his search for the truth. There is no unity in his own mind nor in the universe. He has lost the way home as well as the key to his front door. Henry Adams, as a representative twentieth century man, tried to fit in to this complicated and incoherent environment, but could not. The *Education* tells the story of his frustrated efforts to adapt himself to the social and intellectual *milieu* of his time. He might have been more successful had he been willing to compromise his principles, become satisfied with mediocrity, exchange his soul for money, sheepishly follow the crowd, call evil good and good evil, or abandon the search for truth as a hopeless enigma. He steadfastly refused to take any of these short-cuts to success, and it is consistent loyalty to principle which makes the story of his life one of the most encouraging and inspiring books ever written by an American.

In his *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*, which he called a *Study of Thirteenth Century Unity*, Henry Adams has left us perhaps the most sympathetic and convincing interpretation of the Middle Ages that has ever been written in English. He writes enthusiastically of the literature, theology, mysticism, saints, stained glass, sculpture, and architecture of an epoch in the history of Europe when well-nigh everyone believed in God, when civilization was definitely Christian, and when Christendom

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was one. It was predominantly the age of faith, and every human interest—whether art, learning, sex, beauty, war or sin—was viewed primarily as related to God. Every phenomenon in the field of consciousness was apprehended under the aspect of eternity. The most superficial reader of this book cannot escape the atmosphere of light, the glow of other-worldiness, the spirit of order and harmony and beauty, the triumphant note of spiritual joy, which pervade its pages and sharply differentiate it from the *Education.*

Henry Adams has expressed the purpose of this contrast in his *Education* (p. 434). His purpose was to compare the two periods of civilization, to determine whether the world has progressed or retrograded in the last seven hundred years. This is his statement of his method:

> Any schoolboy could see that man as a force must be measured by motion, from a fixed point. Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think he might use the century 1150–1250, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres: a Study of Thirteenth-Century Unity.* From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself, which he could label: *The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth-Century Multiplicity.* With the help of these two points of relation, he hoped to project his lines forward and backward indefinitely, subject to correction from anyone who should know better.

His reverent admiration for the Virgin of Chartres, and his keen appreciation of the striking phenomena in art and in morals which have resulted from the Catholic devotion to Mary, would be inexplicable in a man of his traditions and antecedents had he not advanced to an unusual discernment and comprehension of the intrinsic excellence of Catholic truth and life. Nowhere can one read so glowing a tribute to the influence of the Virgin on the thought and morals of Christendom as in Chapter XIII of *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres.* He tells us how in the Middle Ages there arose throughout Catholic Europe a fervent popular

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devotion to the Blessed Virgin, because of the universal sense of the Divine holiness and justice, along with an intense conviction of the sinfulness of humanity. All people knew that they were sinners, and they dreaded falling into the hands of God. They came to look upon Mary as the friend of sinners, almost as their advocate and intercessor as against the Church and the Holy Trinity. She was human, and because she was also a woman, she could sympathize with their weaknesses and extricate them from their difficulties. Particularly was she regarded as the helper of the poor and friendless. The lowest of the low took refuge under her protection. The Protestants, and especially those inclined toward Puritan strictness and severity, were horrified at her toleration of such wretched sinners. Consequently they despised all the popular devotion to Mary, and expunged her name from their hymns and liturgies. Nevertheless it was this widespread popular devotion to the Mother of God that compelled the building of churches and cathedrals in her honor, such as the world has never been able to equal. It was the common people—the whole population—who built Chartres, Amiens, Rheims, the architectural wonders of Christendom.

Though Henry Adams remained to the end outside of the visible Church, he certainly belonged to the invisible soul of the Church. It is a significant picture of his closing years in Paris that Miss La Farge draws for us in her *Memoirs* (p. 24):

> Songs of the Crusades, love-songs or spinning songs composed their evening concerts for an audience of one, but every evening before saying good-night, the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed, and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or *prayer* himself.

The *Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres* is too long to be quoted here in full. It sums up in poetic form Henry Adams's ultimate explanation of the sorrows and catastrophes of the modern materialistic world. He speaks as though he were the cosmic representative of his race, who seven hundred years ago came to the Virgin of Chartres and prayed for grace. In the course of the years he strayed away from her and lost his childlike faith. He wandered everywhere, seeking the lost clue to the mind of God. He did not find his Father and he lost his Mother. Thereupon he crossed the sea and sought to set up the Father's Kingdom in

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the Promised Land. Ultimately he and his fellows dethroned the Father and fell to worshipping themselves. That sort of worship, however, could not satisfy them. Finally they set up a new God, the Dynamo. He recites for the amusement of his Lady of Chartres the strange *Prayer to the Dynamo*, which is the fantastic expression of the only worship in which he and his race can now believe. Then he turns to his Lady with this final pathetic confession of deep spiritual need:

A curious prayer, dear lady! is it not?
Strangely unlike the prayers I prayed to you!
Stranger because you find me at this spot,
Here, at your feet, asking your help anew.

Strangest of all, that I have ceased to strive,
Ceased even care what new coin fate shall strike.
In truth it does not matter. Fate will give
Some answer; and all answers are alike.

So, while we slowly rack and torture death
And wait for what the final void will show,
Waiting I feel the energy of faith
Not in the future science, but in you!

The man who solves the Infinite, and needs
The force of solar systems for his play,
Will not need me, nor greatly care what deeds
Made me illustrious in the dawn of day.

. . . . .

But when, like me, he too has trod the track
Which leads him up to power above control,
He too will have no choice but wander back
And sink in helpless hopelessness of soul,

Before your majesty of grace and love,
The purity, the beauty and the faith;
The depth of tenderness beneath; above,
The glory of the life and of the death.

When your Byzantine portal still was young,
I came here with my master Abelard;
When *Ave Maris Stella* was first sung,
I joined to sing it here with St. Bernard.

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When Blanche set up your glorious Rose of France,
In scholar's robes I waited on the Queen;
When good Saint Louis did his penitence,
My prayer was deep like his; my faith as keen.

. . . . .

Help me to see! not with my mimic sight—
With yours! which carried radiance, like the sun,
Giving the rays you saw with—light in light—
Tying all suns and stars and worlds in one.

Help me to know! not with my mocking art—
With you, who knew yourself unbound by laws;
Gave God your strength, your life, your sight, your heart,
And took from Him the Thought that Is—the Cause.

Help me to feel! not with my insect sense,—
With yours that felt all life alive in you;
Infinite heart beating at your expense;
Infinite passion breathing the breath you drew!

Help me to bear! not my own baby load,
But yours; who bore the failure of the light,
The strength, the knowledge and the thought of God,—
The futile folly of the Infinite!

Can we doubt that the gracious Lady to whom he turned in his final hour of desperate need heard his prayer and interceded with her Son to receive his departing soul and lead him finally into the regions of the blessed? Miss La Farge at the close of her *Memoir* (p. 27) makes this significant comment upon the *Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*:

In this *Prayer* Henry Adams makes an act of faith in the Son's divinity. He ends by saying in his own words what Saint John said twenty centuries before: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Henry Adams felt the failure of the world to receive the light, but he leaves no shadow of a doubt that he himself perceived "That was the true light".

It is a cheap and easy criticism to say that Henry Adams's life was a failure. It is true that he did not achieve success in a worldly sense: he never held public office; his writings were not widely read during his lifetime; he could scarcely have supported himself had he not been a man of independent means; he was

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known only to a select circle of acquaintances and friends; he was never acclaimed as one whom the American public delighted to honor (as he never wished to be). But what, after all, is the purpose of a man's life? Is it to amass millions, or gain newspaper notoriety, or bask in sybaritic ease? Or is it rather to discover the truth that is unchanging and eternal, to guide and enlighten and inspire his fellow men, and enable them the better to attain to their true destiny? If it is a praiseworthy ideal to serve our fellows and reveal to them the path that leads to God, then Henry Adams was not a failure. He is the outstanding example in recent years of a brilliant American who has exhausted the possibilities of the various prizes for which his fellow countrymen have been striving for generations. He has taught the generations to come the worthlessness and emptiness of those prizes. He has sounded many of our current popular ideals and found them wanting. He has amply demonstrated the futility of Boston, the vulgarity of Washington, the bleakness and aridity of Puritanism, the coldness and desolation of Protestantism, the necessary limitations of democracy, the illusion of progress and the flimsiness of our scholarship.

And yet it must be confessed that Henry Adams remains a man of mystery. What that mystery is depends ultimately upon the mental and spiritual equipment of those who approach him. The conservative college graduate of bourgeois temper and outlook could never understand how Adams could trample under foot so many of our American values and ideals. The radical could never comprehend how he could be content with the dogmatic spiritual freedom and ordered artistic beauty of mediæval civilization. Revolutionary as he really was, why did he not become really red? The Catholic cannot quite see why he did not become a professing Catholic before he died. Why had he ceased to care "what new coin fate shall strike"? Why did he believe in fate at all, when he came so near to faith in God and His incarnate Son, Jesus Christ? However we take him, there remains an element of mystery—for us. For him, the mystery is solved!

SELDEN PEABODY DELANY.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Turk returns to Europe. That is the outstanding fact in the Near East embroilment. That is the outcome of the World War, the Paris Peace Conference, the Treaty of Sèvres, the League of Nations, and the appalling anti-climactery of King "Tino's" attempt to reëstablish the Byzantine Empire. The Turk, who has never been anything but a trespasser and a trouble-maker, returns to Europe in triumph over Christendom. Kemal is as truly a conqueror as was the first Amurath or the second Mohammed. With the blood of two million butchered Christians still red and wet upon his hands, the Turk returns to reëstablish Turkey in Europe with boundaries actually more extensive than they were before the World War, and with prestige greater than ever since the Berlin Congress; and also to take his place as a member of the League of Nations, from which the Armenia which he has destroyed was excluded. All this is granted in advance of any negotiations for a definitive treaty of peace; offered and its acceptance humbly requested as an inducement to the Turk "to be good enough" to cease his conquering march and to look to diplomacy instead of war for his further gains. There must have been chuckling in hell when the news reached Abdul the Damned.

There need be no hesitation in fixing responsibility for this disaster to civilization. It is twofold; for I pass by as too insignificant for a third place the Kinglet of the Hellenes with his mad obsession now ended in his abdication. Of the two actual causes, let us consider the second and the less first. It is to be found in the selfish ambitions, the cross purposes and the mistaken policies of "the three Allied Governments", as they style themselves; the "Big Three" now — after the supreme Turk — dominating the European stage. While the Greeks and Turks

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were fighting, the Powers were wrangling and intriguing. Each of the three had its selfish interests in Asia Minor, and each kept a weather eye fixed upon the Mohammedan population of its outlying empire. Almost certainly in the case of one and probably in the cases of all three this latter consideration was dominant. It would of course be a terrible thing to have *Jehad* prevail from the Ganges to the slopes of Atlas. But the world has heard threats of a Holy War a hundred times in the last hundred years; and there has grown up a numerous generation of men who cannot be persuaded that a calamity is to be averted by yielding to the menace of it, or that to cringe is to control and to conquer. There can be no question that if those three Powers had agreed upon a definite and consistent policy, and had resolutely adhered to and enforced it, the tragedy of Smyrna and the deep disgrace of the Turk's return would have been avoided. Neither, I think, will any of the three Allied Governments dispute the reckoning that it would have been more profitable for each and all of them thus to agree, even to the extent of sacrificing some of their individual ambitions and desires, than for the present irremediable disaster to have occurred. But — *Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu!*

The first and major responsibility for what has happened must indisputably be laid at the door of the League of Nations. That body in the Preamble to its Covenant proclaims its purpose to be "to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace", and in pursuance of that purpose it declares (Article XI) that —

> Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case any such emergency should arise, the Secretary-General shall, on the request of any member of the League, forthwith summon a meeting of the Council.

Yet here was a threat of war, quickly followed by actual war, made and waged by an actual and original member of the League and "immediately affecting" half a dozen members, which was treated as a matter of complete unconcern to the whole League and concerning which the League took no action whatever to

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safeguard the peace of nations; not one of all the dozens of members considering it worth while to request the calling of a meeting of the Council. And when, after the cataclysm at Smyrna, one member of the League did suggest that something ought to be done about it, the suggestion was overwhelmingly squelched with the admonition that this was a political matter, with which the League had nothing to do but which must be left to individual Governments! Had the League of Nations not egregiously repudiated both the letter and the spirit of its Covenant, there would have been no tragedy of Smyrna and no restoration of Turkdom in Europe.

It would scarcely be necessary to point out that this grim débâcle is one of the strongest possible vindications of the course of the United States in holding aloof from the League of Nations, but for the fact that an eminent British publicist, echoed by a number of voices in this country, promptly declared that it was all the fault of the United States and that if only we had entered the League of Nations it would not have happened. Are we to understand that the United States alone would or should have had the gumption to call for a meeting of the Council, which no other of the forty-odd thought it desirable to do? Would the presence of the United States in the League have caused Greece to stay her belligerent hand, and France and Italy and Great Britain to sink their differences of interest and of policy, and the seventy million Moslems of India to quit their menace of a Holy War? Should we have served as mediator or dictator among the "Big Three", agreeing with one and offending two, or telling all three they were wrong and thus incurring the animosity of all three? I notice that one League propagandist tries to draw a parallel between Smyrna and Havana, and says that if the latter city were sacked and the people massacred by some foreign Power, all America would be aroused for instant intervention; but "Cuba is only 100 miles away, but Smyrna being some 5,000 miles away makes all the difference in the world"; wherefore, he concludes, "America is playing the part of a great hulking coward". He could not have devised an analogy more unfortunate for his own contention. When humanity required

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intervention in Cuba, the United States intervened, promptly and effectively, and gave the rest of the world to understand that this was our job and that neither aid nor meddling was desired or would be permitted from any other nation. To say that united Europe, or indeed the united League of Nations, was not proportionately as capable of dealing with the troubles in Asia Minor as the United States was to deal with those in Cuba, would be a preposterous perversion. If we had been in the League, one of two things must have happened. Either what has now occurred would have occurred just the same; or else we should have been made a sort of common bailiff of the world, to do unpleasant jobs that the others ought to do and could do but did not want to do. The eve of the centenary of the Monroe Doctrine is not a good time for arguing that America should play that rôle. Whatever has happened and whatever may happen in the Near East, America has done her duty and is free from blame.

The recurrence of another anniversary of the Armistice will be honored more in ignoring than in observing it; and so far as it is commemorated it will be in humiliation and bitterness of spirit. No Hamlet is needed to-day to bid us "look here, upon this picture, and on this". Four years ago the picture was of peace in all the war-sick world, of justice executed upon the great criminals of the war, of reparation in full, to the last cent, by Germany, of the expulsion and exclusion of the Turk from Europe, of the restoration of the Armenian nation, and of enduring harmony among the Allied Powers. It was an engaging and inspiring picture, four years ago; painted not by popular fancy, nor by speculative writers in the newspaper press, but deliberately, with reduplicated strokes, by the most serious and responsible statesmen of the Powers. Four years ago. And now, what do we see? Instead of peace, war; instead of justice, immunity for the great criminals; the reparation required of Germany pared down to a ridiculous fraction; the Turk returning to Europe more strongly than before, the remnant of Armenia delivered to its destroyer, and the Allies bickering among themselves and drifting straight toward outright estrangement. All in four years.

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Why such a change, such contrast? Did we really mean what we said in 1918? Were governing statesmen sincere in their deliberate declarations? Or was all that talk intended merely for Buncombe? If it was sincere, if it was really meant, what are we now to infer? Were we then so short-sighted, so mistaken, as thus to commit ourselves to a programme that was from the beginning intrinsically impossible of fulfilment? Or have we for some sordid and pusillanimous reason proved recreant to the faith and abandoned a policy which might have been fulfilled? What is clear is that to-day we are as much in need of an armistice as we were in 1918. At the risk of a contradiction of terms, we need an armistice of peace. For if what we have to-day be peace, it would be far better to have war. The war of Belleau Wood was better than the peace of Smyrna.

Amid so much that is depressing and discreditable in the international outlook, it is gratifying to be able to record one fine and significant achievement for the cultivation of peace and friendship. The Sulgrave Institution had already made both the great Anglo-Saxon nations its debtors for various beneficent acts, but scarcely any was more finely conceived than the errand of its latest commission from England to America; to present not to some corporation but explicitly "to the People of America" appropriate and enduring memorials of three illustrious men who mightily served both nations. Americans will not forget that foremost among their many friends in that supreme crisis of affairs the Earl of Chatham gave to the advocacy of their demands and to the vindication of their acts the latest energies of his Titanic career, with an outspoken vigor that no Adams nor Otis nor Henry could have surpassed. Nor will they forget that Burke gave himself unreservedly to their support when he was approximating the zenith of a career which for intellectual distinction and moral elevation conjoined has never been surpassed in the annals of British statesmanship. Following these at the distance of a century, Bryce was as true a friend to America, and served her almost as profitably, in her maturity, as they in her infancy. Indeed, he did more, for he was one of those who saw clearly the evils of the Treaty of Versailles, and warned the

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Powers and the world against them. No American who opposed our entry into the League of Nations ever criticised that compact more severely than did he; and as international honors were paid to his memory in the American metropolis, there must have been many wishes on both sides of the sea that his counsel might have prevailed for the aversion of the present unspeakable embroilments. For both historical interest and gratitude and present and future admonition and counsel, there are few names in British history more worthy of remembrance by Americans than those of Pitt and Burke and Bryce. In their power to inspire in both countries the cultivation of just understanding and intelligent and therefore enduring and useful friendship, they stand unsurpassed.

The President of Dartmouth College has provoked much controversy by saying in the course of an extended address that "Too many men are going to college"; much more controversy than there would have been if all his critics had interpreted his words in connection with their essential context. In one sense, or in a certain state of affairs, it would doubtless be impossible for too many men to go to college. It would be well to have every young man and woman in the land pursue a full college course. So it would be well to have them all in perfect bodily health, so that they might all live, as did Moses, to be a hundred and twenty years old with eyes not dim and with natural force not abated. But it is not so, and it will never be so, in our time. Bodily ailments exist, impairing health and shortening life. So mental or intellectual capacities differ, making a considerable proportion incapable of profitably pursuing a college course and as unfit to attempt it as one with deformed hands would be to become a pianist, or one color blind to become a painter. "Too many men are going to college" because there are thousands going thither who are mentally unfit and who are thus wasting time and money and are crowding out others who are mentally fit and who ought to be there. As college men they are and will be failures, while as carpenters or metal workers or farmers they would be successful. It is a lamentable thing for them to sacrifice useful careers for that which they never can achieve.

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One of the chief problems of the educator, and one which the President of Dartmouth is evidently trying to solve, is to suit the education to the pupil. Each according to his capacity; the round peg in a round hole and the square peg in a square hole; remembering always that round and square are all in the same board and are of equal service to humanity. As for the haggling over the question whether a college education is a right or a privilege, the answer obviously is, both. "They have rights who dare maintain them." So they have rights who are capable of exercising them, enjoying them, profiting by them. Those who cannot thus use them may theoretically possess the rights, but they are a dead letter. Only they have a right to a college education who are capable of receiving it. The right is an advantage enjoyed in virtue of a subjective condition; which is not, on the whole, a bad definition of a privilege.

The return of the Secretary of State from a most auspicious and successful visit to the Brazilian centenary celebration is an agreeable reminder that there is a large, populous and enlightened continent free from wars or rumors of war, and even exempt from any serious effects of the World War. Not reckoning the seven smaller yet still considerable States, the three "A B C Powers" have a population equal to that of France, their capitals compare in splendor with almost any in the world, and their achievements in literature, science and the arts of high civilization entitle them to rank among the foremost nations. And they alone of all the world passed through the ordeal of 1914–1918 with scarcely so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It was exactly a hundred years ago that the Holy Allies at Verona were conspiring for a last attempt at their resubjugation, an attempt that was halted by Great Britain's refusal to countenance it and was a little later permanently defeated by the intervention of the United States. We shall not err if we reckon their fine progress and their present enviable status to be largely due to that century-old policy which has kept them free from external aggressions and meddlings while leaving them open to beneficent intercourse with all the world.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LAST HARVEST. By John Burroughs. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Less purely speculative or descriptive and more definitive than some of his previous writings are these last essays of John Burroughs. Only if Burroughs in his prime be somewhat over-rated—rated as a powerful, original thinker, which he scarcely was—may one find in this last harvest of observations and thoughts any falling-off in power. Never did Burroughs better succeed in saying just what he meant, and the minimum worth saying, than here. All through these pages there is an admirable lucidity, a satisfying certainty of judgment, a brilliant clearness of recollection. The impression is one of maturity, not of extreme old age. There is no quavering in the tone, no rambling in the thought—only a greater wisdom, a sounder emphasis.

Better criticism is not often found than that contained in Burroughs's chapter upon *Emerson and his Journals*. It is familiar, and by turns simple and subtle. A good deal of it is of the unpretentious sort that gives delight because it skillfully expresses what everyone thinks and understands and which everyone feels to be important enough for emphatic expression. Thus the passage which declares that Emerson's character was "Yankee wit and shrewdness on one side, and Oriental devoutness, pantheism, and symbolism on the other . . . Saadi or Hafiz or Omar might have fathered him, but only a New England mother could have borne him." But the following is subtle enough for the most modern of our critics: "Emerson was under no illusion as to the effect of distance. He knew the past was once the present, and that if it seemed to be transformed and to rise into a cloud land behind us, it was only the enchantment of distance—an enchantment which men have been under in all ages. . . . Emerson knew that 'a score of airy miles will smooth rough Monadnoc to a gem,' but he also knew that it would not change the character of Monadnoc." All of which is both just and important in an estimate of Emerson's "transcendentalism".

Burroughs, moreover, for all his geniality, is as unsparing, where truth is really concerned, as any critic of the modern scientific school. And with all his appreciation of the past, he is no mere *laudator temporis acti*. Sympathetically he follows the wanderings of Thoreau's mind and Thoreau's feet, and merrily he checks up the intellectual fribblings and the occasional mal-observations of the Walden philosopher and naturalist. Neither bad logic, nor temperamental freakishness, nor a want of common sense about woodchucks escapes him. And the total effect of his criticism is, as it should be, to enhance.

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Few wiser words have been written upon a difficult subject than in Burroughs's essay on *What Makes a Poem?*—a discourse which, while it insists upon an indwelling philosophy as the determining factor in great poetry, shows a catholic and even a modern taste. No slave of classicism was John Burroughs—he had his personal tastes and distastes and even a pardonable human weakness in them.

In the chapter called *A Critical Glance at Darwin*, there is a clearness and a kind of finality that is not always found in Burroughs. The vexed question of how far science can support a religious conception of the universe—of just what panpsychism means—comes up once more, and receives a wonderfully definite answer: "In following Lamarck I am not disturbed by the bogey of teleology, or the ghost of mysticism. I am persuaded that there is something immanent in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants—a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence that we must take account of if we would make any headway in trying to understand the world in which we find ourselves." A passage lucid, assured, and elevated.

TWENTY YEARS IN ROUMANIA. By Maude Parkinson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A pleasant, gossipy book, a book "about foreign lands and peoples" of the old, pre-war type, and not at all a political book, Miss Parkinson's *Twenty Years in Roumania* may afford somewhat of a relief to readers jaded with post-bellum pleas for the greater recognition of smaller nationalities, complaints about the injustices of the treaty of Versailles, and appeals to high Heaven to vindicate the right in the Balkans. The author, an Ulster woman with a long experience as a school-teacher in Bucharest, is witty and observing; she had access to the court and to polite circles, and she writes of Roumania—a little-known country—with the persuasiveness of entire familiarity and without the exaggerations of the casual visitor. On the whole, the impression she gives is very human and agreeable—and an agreeable impression is rather likely to be a true one. What seems quite human and natural is, at any rate, convincing.

On the whole, however, in all these notes about customs and society, one misses a little too much the note of distinction. The author is, one suspects, a little too adaptable, a little too ready to forget that Roumania is not Ulster. Her descriptions somewhat lack the novelty conferred either by journalistic accumulation of facts or by a fine literary sense. There is a want of broad inference, of really critical comment. Surely one can exchange small talk with a Greek, a Bulgarian, or even with a Turk in the full realization that when it comes to the weather, dress patterns, or the latest divorce, the whole world is akin; and yet one ought to sense differences of civilization.

Speaking of politics: "Trickery," says the author, "is very often practised. By some means or other, names of people long dead are inserted in the register, and, as a man remarked in my hearing at one election, 'In my father's lifetime

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he never had a vote, but now that he is dead, they are giving him one.' " If this be true, why all the talk about the difficulty of Americanizing the South-European? Then, there is the matter of divorces in high circles. Queen Carmen Sylva, that social reformer, made a rule that no lady who had been divorced *more than twice* should be invited to Court. It is true that we have no court. . . .

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By E. B. Osborn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

As compared with writers of essays and occasional papers on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Osborn (who is the literary editor of *The London Morning Post*) has more of a knack of raising questions without answering them and of talking about matters merely for the sake of saying occasional good things about them. What he writes is very good talk—amusing if you do not expect too much; and it is not exactly good taste to expect too much or to try to give it.

Thus *King Lear's Chaplet* in Mr. Osborn's book is essentially just some samples of poems written by insane persons *plus* something of the author's agreeable personality. The American reader looks for the point—and doesn't find it. The naïve exaggeration of American humor, the naïve dead earnestness of American interrogation, are not here. Even the whims are not so very whimsical. More in our line is something broadly Scotch, arrantly eccentric or sentimental, emphatically funny, like Mr. Stephen Leacock's inimitable satires, or, in default of this, something manifestly cultured and uplifting, or best of all optimistic after the manner of Dr. Frank Crane.

Mr. Osborn seems sometimes subtle with the subtlety of English wit, and sometimes heavy with what we are pleased to consider the heaviness of English humor. Now and then there is a delicious thing; as, the saying of the English rustic to a she collector of popular ballads: "Some of them be too clumsy-like for girls to hear." But one is not sorry that the chapter on *The Anatomy of Wit* is rather short: humorous stories given as samples have a way of losing their flavor. "Clotted speech" is an excellent phrase in which to describe colloquial incoherence. But even the American "colyumist" hard pressed to fill his space might hesitate to put down such specimens as "Owlizwatyerdoinere" and "Owbijnessyualhemly".

The author ranges over a large assortment of subjects—from beer to mermaids; from *The Greatest Poetry* to Vachel Lindsay's *Poems*. He has a rather edifying discourse upon the sin known in mediæval times as *accidie* and in modern England, it appears, as "the hump". This last is not quite serious or philosophical enough to please us—not mysterious enough, does not interest us sufficiently in our own symptoms. He has his fling at some of the stock subjects, such as *Christmas Presents* and *Wills*, and with a sportsman's zest he writes a detailed description of the game of Knur and Spell which will not lure anyone away from the golf course or the baseball diamond.

On the whole Mr. Osborn's essays are excellent in their own way—the way

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of good talk, that is neither "highbrow" nor dull; but they were written for British readers.

DEFINITIONS. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Professor Canby is a writer from whom one expects much, his essays being generally of such a character as to provoke the paradoxical criticism that they are so good that they ought to be better. His humor is so incisive that one would have him always humorous: his originality is so suggestive that one sometimes wishes he were not quite so sensible: his judgment is so sound that one wishes he would enlarge the scope and the thoroughness of his considerations.

The essays in this book, like much of this writer's output, are, however, roughly classifiable into two tolerably distinct groups—the academic and the vital. By academic one does not of course mean stiff, labored or wholly futile. Just what one does mean is perhaps best indicated by a sample. In the last paragraph of his essay on *To-day in American Literature*, Professor Canby writes: "In literature we are still pioneers. I think it may be reserved for us to discover a literature for the new democracy of English-speaking peoples that is coming—a literature for the common people who do not wish to stay common. Like Lincoln's, it will not be vulgar; like Whitman's, never tawdry; like Mark Twain's, not empty of penetrating thought; like Shakespeare's it will be popular. If this should happen, as I believe it may, it would be a just return upon our share of a great inheritance."

Now this is extremely well said. It is quite remarkable, indeed, that anything so nearly inspiring should emerge as the conclusion of an essay upon such a subject as *To-day in American Literature*. Yet the whole theme is almost purely academic, its real interest confined within the narrow circle of literary "questions"—the stock topics of the student. In spite of Professor Canby's art, there is a kind of traditional smugness in the first and last sentences, and one cannot find much profit in a point of view which shifts the emphasis from art to American art, from what is good in American literature to what sort of thing literature must be in order to be both good and American.

By way of contrast one may take nearly the whole of what Professor Canby has written about the younger generation—a considerable and significant section of his book. Nearly all of this is vital. The young realists of the day, he sees, for example are really young romanticists; their literature is an unmeasured expression of protest. "As one considers the excessive naturalism of the young realists and asks just why they find it necessary to be so excessively, so effusively, realistic, the conviction is inborn that they are not realists at all as Hardy, Howells, even James, were realists; they are romanticists of a deep, if not the deepest dye even the heartiest lover of sordid incident among them all." This is a precise description of what has been frequently referred to in these pages as the New Romance. This new naturalism, continues Professor

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Canby, is essentially "a propaganda of the experience of youth, where the fact that mother's face was ugly, not angelic, is supremely important, more important than the story, just because it was the truth."

This, and much more, of similar tenor is as shrewdly and warmly penetrating as Professor Canby's remarks, in other volumes, upon college students, their minds and ways. On the whole, more of Professor Canby's essays have something of this vital quality than altogether lack it.

BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A cheap, vulgar life is cheap and vulgar! This appears to be the real message of the new novel by the author of *Main Street*. There is, to be sure, a suggestion of another note formerly not strange to Mr. Sinclair,—the joy of working out one's own salvation, or trying to,—but this spirit is only a weak infusion. In his later novels, indeed, this author seems to have shifted his emphasis from the more or less unreal (but entirely possible) individual who rebels against a real environment, to the more or less unreal environment which slays the individual. There is a gain in technique, perhaps, but scarcely in significance.

The significance of this central idea can in no way be proved. *Babbitt* is not a picture of American life; American life is too big to be pictured in a single novel. Besides everyone knows that while Babbitt, a real-estate man, has no philosophy but that of "hustle", no wit but that of coarse chaff, and is ignorant about many things, such as drainage, that pertain to his specialty, you cannot have half-an-hour's chat with the average American—garage man, architect—without discovering more sense and knowledge than Babbitt is ever allowed to possess. Your garage man will tell you something of the idiosyncrasies of women who drive cars, or are driven in them; your architect will tell you how it is that school-buildings may be made not only fire-proof but panic-proof, and both will have really good ideas about bringing up children. Babbitt and his group are not typical of America.

But are they not typical of some small section or stratum of American life? If so—and America is so various that one cannot deny it—then they are not pictured with the careful Balzacian realism necessary to make them true.

No, the truth is, *Babbitt* is simply a satire—a monstrous, bawling, unconscionable satire, on phases of American life that Mr. Lewis happens to have chosen and which he has concentrated arbitrarily and quite unnaturally into a single-life story. Mr. Lewis is the most phenomenally skillful exaggerator in literature to-day. In his sour way he excels the cheerful mendacities of Mark Twain, whose whimsy about the man who was caught in the carpet-weaving machine and woven into ten yards of Brussels carpet cannot compare in egregiousness with some of Mr. Lewis's realism. Mr. Lewis cannot really parody the advertisements of those who profess to teach will power, public speaking, and how to succeed—though he tries even this. But he is fairly successful with Billy Sunday. In the story, the Reverend Mike Monday

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concludes a harangue full of the most amazingly truculent vulgarity with these impressive words: "Now I guess the folks in this man's town will quit listening to all this kyoodling from behind the fence; I guess you'll quit listening to the guys that pan and roast and kick and beef, and vomit out filthy atheism; and all of you'll come in with every grain of pep and reverence you got, and boost altogether for Jesus Christ and His everlasting mercy and tenderness." It would be vain to hope that this passage will ever be excelled.

One can read *Babbitt* as a satire—though it is not great satire;—but a comparison of it with *Tono Bungay* or *Mr. Britling* is fatal to the American novel. Wells too is satirical, unconventional, neither to hold nor to bind. But he is also immensely human. Mr. Sinclair's humanity, as manifested by the people in his story, is in the way of throwing a brick at one's wife and afterwards being sorry.

Professor Canby is right: this "literature of protest" has to be written, and it would be a mistake to suppose that it has no significance. But even the younger generation, who revel in rebellion, is rather shrewder in its appreciation of life than Mr. Lewis is in his story—it is not hard to be shrewder than a man who has a thesis. And they will remorselessly check him up with their own experience which even, when it is not large, usually begets a certain clear and non-theoretical wisdom. It will be Mr. Lewis's fate to be smiled with, and also a good deal smiled at, by youth.

Yes, satire is good even in large doses, sometimes; but one cannot help feeling that when the Main Street fashion has passed, a new Dickens, sentiment and all, may be hailed as the wisest of all writing men.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND COUÉISM

SIR:

In an article by Joseph Collins, appearing in your August issue, the writer implies that the method of mental healing employed by M. Coué is similar in many respects to that of Christian Science. Without attempting a detailed explanation I will here briefly state that the teachings and practice of this Science, as set forth in the writings of Mary Baker Eddy, its Discoverer and Founder, are the very antipodes of Couéism. Christian Science, for instance, does not heal by means of psychotherapy or autosuggestion; and no more does it require, as is the case with the French physician and hypnotist, the constant repetition of specially formulated phrases by those who turn to it for help. In fact, it specifically prohibits the use of formulas and classifies all forms of suggestion as activities of the carnal mind of which sin and its resultant states, sickness and death, are effects. Christian Science logically holds, therefore, that since the seeming cause of disease obtains in the carnal mind which, as Paul tells us, is the source of death and enmity against God, its cure must come not, as our critic implies, through a supernatural enforcement of the corporeal will, itself a product of this mind, but from the natural operation of the corrective and curative power of divine Mind in human consciousness before which all phases of sin and disease yield as readily and inevitably as darkness gives way to light.

The Christian Scientist, striving to emulate the example of Christ Jesus, earnestly prays, Not my will, but Thine, be done; realizing that blessings are obtainable only by full and complete submission to the will of God. Furthermore, the primal object of treatment in Christian Science is to improve the individual morally and spiritually; while suggestive and hypnotic methods of mental healing have no religious element but look merely to the physical betterment.

In drawing a distinction between the operation of Christian metaphysics, as taught and practised by her and the various systems of mental therapy based on a belief in the power of human will, Mrs. Eddy has stated the case most clearly on p. 144 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, "Human will-power is not Science. Human will belongs to the so-called material senses, and its use is to be condemned. Willing the sick to recover is not the metaphysical practice of Christian Science."

CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

New York.

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MR. FLINT AND "A SERIOUS GENTLEMAN"

SIR:

I appeal to you in behalf of Mr. Flint.

In *The Founding of Main Street* (first paper) appearing in a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, poor Mr. Flint is carelessly charged with the literary absurdities pronounced by a certain "serious gentleman" who discussed literary subjects with that ardent critic Mrs. Trollope. To quote your contributor: "Mrs. Trollope describes an evening with an American scholar, a Mr. Flint. He was, also, the lady observes, what is called in America a serious gentleman," etc. Then follow the literary observations of the serious one, which Mrs. Trollope criticises to her heart's content.

But the "serious gentleman" and Mr. Flint were totally different persons; and that is made specially plain in the original narrative.

The "serious gentleman" is introduced in these words: "On one occasion, *but not at the house of Mr. Flint*, I passed an evening in company with a gentleman said to be a scholar and a man of reading. He was also *what is called a serious gentleman*, and he appeared to have pleasure in feeling that his claim to distinction was acknowledged in both capacities."

During her three years' sojourn in this country, almost everybody and everything American called forth the petulant criticisms of the acidulous Mrs. Trollope. But Mr. Flint—Oh, rare Mr. Flint! he was the one glowing exception. He was the white haired boy. She actually found something in him to commend, in spite of the unpleasant circumstance that he was really an American. Nay, she was at considerable pains to set him apart from the common herd, and point out and proclaim his superior accomplishments. It seems like the irony of fate that, after taking such unusual care to immortalize Mr. Flint as the bright and particular object of her approval, his identity should now be confused with that of the solemn numskull whose literary vagaries she so heartily condemned.

Mr. Flint deserves a monument and fame, rather than misrepresentation and obscurity.

BELLE DIETRICH BYRNE.

Bismarck, N. D.

BATHTUB AND GARBAGE CAN

SIR:

I cannot quite follow Mr. Allen West Shaw's objections to my objection to the Garbage Can, so used, or misused, in our long-suffering country. Surely, in one short article he could not expect me to give statistics of every city, every town, every village that forms a part of this "heterogeneous mass". But had he done me the honor to read to the end of my article he would have discovered that I do not uphold all "the national habits" of the people in the countries of Europe. On the contrary, I deplore our "undesirable aliens who add their foreign methods of untidiness to our own," and refer to unfortunate customs in

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Italian villages and horrors of filth in South European Ghettos. But I point out that when these aliens become American citizens, they think they have the right to inflict their home methods upon us and are not disillusioned by our authorities.

I have traveled far and wide in Europe, living on that side of the Atlantic for over thirty years, and never anywhere have I seen such slovenliness as we allow in our parks, in our principal streets, at our own particular doorsteps. We take our bathtub as the symbol of cleanliness, and so little understand cleanliness itself that the garbage everywhere in evidence is no offense. We are like our doughboys who in France shrank from the manure heap at the peasant's door and at home are sublimely unconscious of the garbage can at their own. It is high time for us to learn that "cleanliness and sanitation" begin and end not in the private bathtub, but really in the town or countryside we all share in common.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE RIGHT OF CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

SIR:

I am interested in the controversy over the *Principles of Prohibition*, in which the Rev. Mr. McKim challenges the XVIII Amendment. There is a rather interesting political principle involved in that challenge that uncovers the foundation principles on which our government rests, to-wit: The right of the people to place that kind of an amendment in the Constitution.

It is a well settled principle in our political science that sovereignty resides with the people. That is: they possess the power to make or to abrogate constitutions, but the power to amend may be limited by prior engagements. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW cannot perform a more valuable and patriotic service than opening its pages to an authentic discussion of that very important question.

H. L. TRISLER.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

[The interesting and important point raised by our correspondent was discussed with much detail and authority in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, pp. 573–576.—THE EDITORS.]

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